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ON WINGS OF MEMORY

Memoir of M.C. Charles

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

"ON WINGS OF MEMORY"

Memoirs of M. C. Charles	6
School days	7
More School days	8
More school days I remember	9
More old memoirs	11
Memories	13
Coming back to Ohio by wagon train	14
New York trip	14
I remember experience on Memorial Day	16
The Badgly family	17
The way we cured meat	18
When Jim Dougless fainted	19
Thrashing experience	19
Early morning experience	20
My name was almost Giddeon	20
Trying to sleep in hay-mow	20
Previous to that	22
My second girlfriend	22
My first car was a 1916 model	25
Had our fortunes told	27
A dream of M. C. Charles	32
Forest and Guy Wallace left for Illinois	33
The thrashing season	34
Jim Douglas while thrashing	34
Painting schoolhouses in Bratton Twp. (Adams Co. OH)	35
Highlights in the '30s	36
A few dates to remember	37
A Fourth of July experience	38
Billy, Roger's pony	39
We were baptized in the RLDS church	39
Experience in driving the bus	39
The death of Old Snap	40
World's Plowing Contest	40
Louden Store and M.E. Church	41
Coxey's Army	41
J. Edgar Hoover died	41
Bonner Jones	41
Highlights in history	42
Painting interior for Frank Creswell	42
Prayer was answered	42
In 1937 commenced new LDS church in Sinking Springs	42
How animals will protect their young	44
Believe it or not	45
(A smile so charming)	46
Jackson Yankey, Justice of the Peace	46
A close call	48
Abraham Lincoln	48
A Kentucky man	48
Painting ceiling in Middletown city bus company	48
Art and I find dead man in South Charleston	49
Drinking from a Thermos jug	49
Made good money on job in Xenia	49
Wade and his butter	49
A cyclone in Adams County	49
Watched a Cadillac burn up	49

In memory magic lane 51
My third son 52
Painting in Dayton 52
Working at Patterson Field 53
A sketch of Thelma's operation 54
The Walker family 55
Governor George Wallace shot 56
Some dates of deaths 57
New Springfield church 59
Thoughts on life 60
Locust year 1974 61
William and Ella Roberts family 61
Reminiscing 62
A true story 63
The Watergate scandal 64
Things I wonder about 64
Cedarville Coffe Club 65
Experience with homing pigeons 66
Do you remember when? 66
Autumn has come 67
Gov. Lausche visitied Cedarville 68
Womenless wedding by Lions 68
Some Old Memories 69
A very touching experience 69
The death of Uncle Dan Setty 70
Cyclone hit Xenia and Cedarville 72
Cowboy - Irby Mundy 74
Passing of my companion 75
My housekeeper, Verna Taylor 76
Trip to Denver, Colorado 78
Black cat, bad luck 79
A letter from grand-daughter Linda 80
Church trip west 81
Mother Shipton's prophecy 82
"Face on the Bar Room Floor" 83
Outward Bound - a poem at Forest Lawn, Glendale CA 84
"Just Sing Anything" 85
"Your as Welcome as the Flowers in May" 86
"Pearl Bryan" 87
"Somewhere Somebody's Waiting for You" 88
"A Man was the Cause of It All" 89
"Good Old Summer Time" 90
"Yellow Rose of Texas" 91
"Our Old Country Church" 92
History of the old Orr homestead 93
Continuation of the Orr history 94
Blessings at 77 97
"The Bible Tree" 98
Experience with Walt Cumming 100
A trip to the World Conference 100
The care of auto back when 101
Prices taken from diary 1922-1923, 1924, 1925 102
North Carolina with the Myer's 104
Memory of Dave Welsh 106
Memory of James O. Kilpatrick 106
O.A. Tener 107
Bits and pieces 107
Charles clan birthdays 108

"On Wings of Memory"

M. C. Charles

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M. C. Charles
1976
Bicentennial Year

INTRODUCTION

This is the memoir of Melvin Cleo Charles. It was written in part for my beloved wife, Thelma, who passed away on November 15, 1962 -- written to enlighten my four sons of my life and the blessings I have received during my life -- for the benefit and rememberance of my grand and great-grandchildren to hold me in their highest esteem -- and all of my friends who have made my life so enduring.

In my mind, as I wrote these lines, I am inviting you to come into my life and reminisce with laughter, and sometimes with sorrow, my life and hope you will discover about living for Christ in this world and for the church.

These memoirs are the highlights of my experiences over the past 76 plus years of my life. The writing of these memoirs has helped me over the last few years in trying to releive me of some of my sorrows in the passing of my beloved wife.

These memoirs have been extracted from the many daily logs that I have retained all of these years. I have logged everyday of my life since January 1, 1915.

These memoirs may not contain mention of some of my grandchildren, my best friends, my church affiliated brothers and sisters, but do not be bitter toward me, as I do have each and everyone in my heart and prayers.

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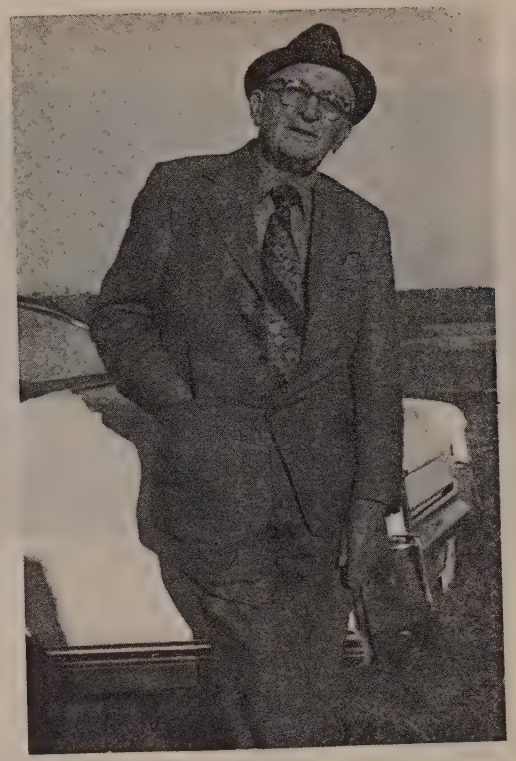
Melvin Cleo Charles
at the age of 17 years old
when my diary was started in 1915.



M. C. Charles, age 77 - this 1975

The Late Thelma Lou,
Wife of M. C. Charles, in 1951

The Charles Family in 1951

Front Row: No. 1, Forest R., Father, Oregon K., Mother, Mary Elizabeth and No. 2, Colon O.
Second Row: No. 3, Melvin C., No. 4, Fern A., No. 5, Sylvia S., and No. 6, Zelma L.

Memoirs of M. C. Charles

In my declining years I have a desire to write some of my outstanding experiences throughout my lifetime. I was blessed with a happy and good family while I was growing up as a boy. My family consisted of six children, three boys and three girls.

Father: Oregon K. Charles, born March 27, 1870, died January 5, 1962.

Mother: Mary Elizabeth (Setty), born May 25, 1869, died March 9, 1968.

Oldest Son: Forest Ray, born June 14, 1893.

Second Son: Colon Otho, born December 8, 1894, died June 28, 1968.

Third Son: Melvin Cleo, born October 2, 1898.

Oldest Daughter: Fern (Arralla), born July 18, 1900 (Garman)

Second Daughter: Sylvia (Setty), born April 21, 1903 (Frye)

Third Daughter: Zelma (Leona), born May 19, 1907 (Brooks)

Our family always had plenty to eat at all times. We children went to a one room school, Willow Grove, Adams County, Ohio. In a few years we were all in school at the same time. We boys took our lunch in long one gallon syrup buckets; girls, same deal.

* * * * *

School Days

Our folks made apple butter every fall using it for spread on home made bread. Mother would raise a bunch of chickens late in the fall to fry for our lunches. Well, we ate so much apple butter sandwiches and fried chicken at school, I never cared to much for them throughout my life. When it would get cool enough, we would butcher one hog to eat at once. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas we would butcher seven or eight more to be cured for the year.

At school we had a two and a half gallon bucket that water was carried in to drink. Whoever asked the teacher first at the end of recess time would have the opportunity to take his best girlfriend for company. It was about one fourth of a mile. When we would get back, the kids would line up and get a drink out of the same tin cup. (Later we all had our own drinking cups.)

I suppose I was about seven or eight years old when we had a Christmas program and tree. Our Father walked down with us to the schoolhouse with a sack on his back, with something in it. No one dared to ask what was in the burlap sack. When Santy came in, he commenced passing out presents to the children. Finally, the Charles boys' names were called. Each received a pair of leather boots with steel tips on the toes, two bid red handkerchefs, one pound box of hoar-hound candy (that was the extent of our Christmas in that time of my boyhood days). (How about that!)

** ** ** **

My memory takes me back to one cold morning when we were going to school, crossing a swing-foot-bridge. Just above the foot-bridge, in sight of us, was a buggy and wagon crossing. We saw a man drive in to cross with a very poor looking horse to his buggy. The horse fell down and could not get up. The man finally loosened the harness from the buggy and waded out. The horse swam around until he drowned. (I never forget that pitiful sight.)

** ** ** **

When I was about fourteen, our school had a magic-lantern show one night. There was a new girl there from Cincinnati, by the name of Daisy Clark, niece of Dayton Carl, who lived up a hollow not to far to walk her home, which I did. We had a very nice walk and seemed to get

pretty well acquainted. After arriving to the house we decided to sit on the front porch to get better acquainted. She had on a beautiful white dress. Of course it was dark on the porch. She happened to sit down on the settee first and she jumped up at once. Oh, what a smell! The chickens had been roosting on the settee. She ran in the house crying. (That was the last time I ever saw her.)

On our farm we had what we called the dry-house, which had trays about four by three feet, to dry fruit on such as apples, peaches, corn, etc. We layed the trays on the flat roof in the sun in the day time and back in the dry house at night (and that's the way it was).

One time, on the first day of school, two teachers came to our school, each thinking he had the school to teach. John F. McConahey came early and unlocked the door and taught us til noon and kept the door locked and William Garmon sat out on a rail fence. When noon came, McConahey had an urge to go down to the toilet and told us kids to keep the door locked. Some of us had to go out also; that is when Garmon came in and took over and taught us the balance of the day. McConahey went that afternoon and saw all of the trustees and was hired to teach the balance of the year. At that time we thought they were going to fight. Some experience for us!

** ** ** **

That same year there were some large boys in school and we did some rasling. Frank Armstrong was very large and strong. He threw the teacher so hard, it broke the teacher's shoulder. There was no more school that day. We had to get a close neighbor's horse and buggy and take him three miles to a doctor to have it set.

** ** ** **

I remember one time coming from the spring with a bucket of water for the school when passing Pete Armstrong in the lane that came down from the barn. We met Douglass about that time and Armstrong came running down and attacked Douglass and commenced to fight. That's the first time we bad ever seen two men fight. They were having trouble over a line fence. Up this lane to Armstrong's barn was where Teacher McConahey kept his bicycle. The larger boys had

the priviledge of riding it for awhile while the teacher would sweep the schoolhouse out. Anyway, Brother F.R. won the race. He jumped on and started down the lane and was coming to fast to turn on the road (bikes had no brakes at that time, you had to drag your feet). The crowd of us was coming by at that time as F.R. went in the fence with the bike on top of him. Beauf Garman commenced to laugh. F.R. jumped up and said, "Don't laugh or crack a smile." Was he ever mad and embarrassed.

I never liked to go to school; of course, I was a poor student. When I was old enough to work a team, I would rather stay at home and work and my dad would let me. But my mother usually made me go to school unless he made her believe he needed me.

** ** ** **

My first teacher was Ottis Brooks. He lived in Peebles, Ohio. His parents ran a store at Louden about three miles away. He walked and carried his lunch. He roomed with his parents through the week. The only trouble I had at first was a shaking up. Grace Parker was a blonde and long platts of hair down her back. I was trying to drive her like a horse until she cried (shame on little Melvin). The teacher gave me a shaking.

My last teacher was Lilly Sidders up by Belfast, about five miles. She drove a gray horse and buggy every day. I was at her fifth Wedding Anniversary a few years ago. I told her she always wore hobble skirts,as they were in style at that time, and we would let her play ball with us because she would hit the ball and start to run for first base and start laughing and fall down, and we could see what shape legs she had (remember, that was my last year in school). Ha!! I was a big boy!

I remember when I was about twelve, I would walk up to Beauf Garman's on Sunday morning and play a while and go on to Strait-Creek Church to Sunday School. One Sunday morning it was real hot and he and I decided to go to the creek for a swim. It felt so good, we stayed until noon. We came up to his house and ate lunch, went back, and stayed the rest of the day.

When I arrived at home in the evening, my folks asked if different ones were at church, me lying like a trouper.

"The Three Charles Brothers"
No. 2, Colon O., No. 1, Forest R., No. 3, Melvin C.
About 1965 at Charles Reunion
at Fort Hill

On Monday afternoon Beauf's mother came down to visit my mother. I was almost sure she would tell my mother that I had played hooky from Sunday School. That evening when supper was over and nothing had been said, I was relieved when washing my feet on the back steps (as was a rule). Before returning, my mother cane and put her arm around me and talked to me until I cried. I never forgot.

We had what they called an ashopper, built with four posts set in about six foot squares, with two by fours around the top. A hewed trough at the bottom, placing boards end-ways, one end in trough and the other end leaning against the two by fours at the top, making a funnel shape, then lining it with straw, then filling it with wood ashes. When I was a boy, my job was to keep water poured on the top which would soak through the ashes into the trough into a kettle as lye. Then take the lye and boil in iron kettles making what we called soft soap to do our laundry.

I remember my baby sister fell down the stairsteps and cut her noise close to her eye; she had blood all in her eye. My mother grabbed her in her arms and how she prayed to God that her eye sight would not be affected. At that time, with all us children, my mother seldom went to church. I think that was the first I remember the worth of prayer, as her eye was not affected.

I remember we three boys slept in what they called a trundle bed, a low bed that would roll under the big bed when not in use. Anyway, I was the one that slept in the middle. One night we were going to bed and every time I would start to get in bed, the older boys would grab my foot and pull me back out. I was old enough to talk and finally called them a SOB. Some big words for a little guy like me. Well, they went out and told my father. He picked up a piece of kindling by the stove and whipped me until blood was on my legs, as all I had on was my gown. Of course my mother came in on the deal and told Father the older boys was the cause of me saying it and had also heard him swearing around the barn. (Some things I never forgot.)

Believe it or not, I was told by my Kentucky friend, Pierce Combs, at the Coffe Club, that he knew a man who drove a sworm of bees 200 miles to Cincinnati and back and only lost one bee. Hard to believe, wouldn't you say?

M. C. Charles in 1912
Age 14 Years

Memories

How many remember when all the work was done with horses? I am made to wonder when I see big trucks go by my home with twelve or fifteen good sized logs on them. What would the old-timers think if they could see them now?

I remember as a boy of logging with a yoke of calves. Also, of Jim Rhoads, at the same time, logging with a team that was really trained, named Geo and Dutch. He would hang the lines on their hames and load his wagon just by talking to them. He would put the skids up on the side of the wagon, the team on the opposite side, fasten the chain to the side of the wagon under the skids and under the log, then over the top of the log back to the team. As he would speak to them they would pull and roll the log up the skids on the wagon. I am wondering if I could explain this so my readers could understand it. I hope so.

An experience I remember in about 1906 was that we usually had a big rain and flood on Memorial Day and this was no exception. Just before we started home in the family carriage with the fringe around the top. Did it ever rain. Father, Mother and six children, Zelma the baby. We were driving two horses, one a sorrle-gelding, which was called a stump-succor. He would grab the manger and nough, then loosing the corn out of his mouth. By that, he stayed poor. The other one was a large gray mare, with her colt tied to her side, named Dobbin. The crossing was down by the Dunkard Church on Strait Creed where we were to cross, with the horses swimming we made it across. The colt was lucky he was tied to his mother on the lower side and was protected from the current. (Experience unforgetable)

** ** ** **

If you live close to God in His infinite grace,
You don't have to tell it, it will show in your face.

My Father's Experience in Kansas

I remember hearing my father tell me, when I was a boy living in Hugnton, Kansas, about he and his little sisters playing on a bed in their sod house. They kept hearing something rattling under the bed. When their parents came in, they discovered two large rattle snakes under the bed; that's what they were hearing. I don't remember how he said they killed them.

Coming Back to Ohio by Wagon Train

My father was eight years old and was just getting over tyfoid fever. He was so weak and skinny he was unable to walk. The doctor told them the only way to gain his health back was to travel. The folks were homesick for Ohio anyway, so they joined a wagon train for Ohio. He was so weak they had to carry him to the wagon. It took them six weeks to come through. He always claimed when they arrived in Ohio that he was so fat he left grease in his tracks.

Father's oldest grandaughter, Reha Mildred Charles (Shields), gave him the initial of K. for Kansas, as of the experiences he had in Kansas. By her, it was always Oregon K. Charles. He passed away Jan. 5 1962 at 88 years old.

When the wagon train came through they crossed the rivers by fording them, as there were no bridges at that time, across the bid Mississippi and Missouri. The horses swam and wagons floated like a boat.

When camping of a night, they would spot a corn field and a hay stack near where they were camping. After dark they would take their sacks for corn and rope for hay and slip back and fill their sacks and rope some hay, enough to feed there teams that evening and morning. He claimed there was no law against it.

In the years I have traveled over that country, I have often wondered what towns they came through. It was my understanding that my Aunt Weltha had a little book with all names of the towns they came through but it was never found. (True story)

New York Trip

The trip I took with my brother-in-law, Lyle Frye, to New York, where I had never been before, was September 13-21, 1939. I met Lyle at "Fetroes" with his load by Stubenville, West Virginia. From there we went to Pittsburgh, and to Amity Hall. We stayed over there til morning, leaving Amity Hall for Hoboken, New Jersey, arriving on the evening of the 15th. In New York the next morning we unloaded freight, then went back to the docks. We tried to get load all day at Sovrention Oil but failed. We went to the show that night in Jersey City. The next morning we loaded up load of wine for Pittsburgh and arrived at 12 o'clock. Lyle failed to get a load for home, so Ralph Dougan, who had a load for home, took us on back home with

Old Soldiers

Front Row: Ramond Setty, A. G. Setty, My Grandfather, John Frump, William Nace, Mr. Hall

Back Row: Mit Frump, Mit Hottinger, Hamp Williams, Sphar Glaze, and Carry Douglas

him, or to Greenfield. Thelma and the boys met he there. I was glad to get home; I was gone eight days. I had thought some of going in the trucking business, but that trip changec my mind.

A man, stranded on an island by himself with plenty of water to drink and plenty to eat, commenced to imagine that he could hear voices around him. He decided it was he, talking to himself. He knew he had to keep doing something so he found a high hill with a rock on it. On the island he found a large rock the right size that he could roll. He would start rolling it up the hill each morning and get it up half way till noon, then chock it and come back down, eat his lunch, and after lunch he rolled it on to the top by evening. Then, he let it roll back down for the next day. He did that until one day a plane was going over and spotted him and picked him up. He had a sound mind.

I remember our family going to the Fall Festival at Hillsboro in the two horse carriage, with the fringe around the top. It was in an alley where we were to meet, eat our lunch which was in shoe boxes; smoked country cured ham, pie, and probably other goodies. We started to eat when Dat came bragging how he was goint to eat with his new teeth which he had just gotton. About the first bite, his teeth went cross-ways in his mouth. He said, "Hell, I'm too hungry to fool with them." He took them out and put them in his pocket. (And that's the way it was.)

I Remember Experience on Memorial Day

About 1906 our family was at Sinking Springs to the Memorial Day Program. The May Hill Band usually played at these events. Old Civil War Soldiers with blue suits, with brass buttons on their coats and broad brim blue hats, would fill about four or five long seats.

We would form outside for the parade to the cemetary which was held at the old M.E. Church. The soldiers would be in front, with my grandfather, an old soldier, holding the American Flag. The children carried flowers to be placed on the soldiers' graves.

After my nephew returned from World War II, James L. Charles, he assumed the place of his great grandfather. We still can depend on him every year.

I want to tell of an experience we had around 1906. We had a big rain and flood just before we started home. We started home in the surry with the fringe around the top. Father and Mother and all of us children got into the carriage which was driven by two horses. One was a sorrel gelden, which was called a stump-succor. He would get a mouth full of corn and grab the manger and naugh and lose half his corn and stayed poor. The other was a large gray mare with her colt tied to her side, named Dobbin. The crossing was down by the Dunkard Church by Strait Creek. Anyway, we made it across with the horses swimming. By the colt being tied by its mother's side, it was protected by the current. (I never forgot that experience.)

The Badgly Family

They lived up the hollow from us. They had six boys and mother and father, Amanda and John. The boys names were Frank, Ott, Cash, Walter, Pearl, and Jessie. The boys worked for my dad before we boys were large enough. They worked for 25¢ per day.

Father, John, was a carpenter, building a couple of houses completely each summer, at a $1.00 a day. How they ever made a living, I'll never know.

They raised some chickens for eggs, a cow for milk and butter, one sow that raised two litter of pigs each year (we fattened one litter for meat and sold the fall litter at $2.00 each).

They had about six acres, three on each side of the hollow, an orchard on one side, corn, potatoes, vegetable garden on the other side. As the older boys became older they went out to work for better wages and eventually got them a horse and buggy. I thought this was an interesting story.

This family is all gone except for Pearl and Jessie who are still living. Pearl is about 80 years old and Jessie is my age, which is 75.

On October 14, 1914 my brother Colon and Alta Smith were married. They moved in Gramp Setty's little house up the road from our main home.

Brother Colon bought his own team. I, being about 15 or 16, took over working our father's gray team which Colon

always had worked while at home. We had raised them and broke them to work. They were full brother and sister, dapple gray, and were the best in the country. Our father was offered $600 for them and turned it down.

My brothers, F.R. and C.O. and I were hauling lumber for W. E. Parker into Peebles with three teams. I was with the gray team; I was a proud boy. When we would get to the Cannon Hill, we would double teams up the hill, the first team coming back and helping the second team. In so doing I had left my team at the bottom. I was chocking for them when they would rest about half way up. Looking around, here came by team by themselves with 16,000 feet of green lumber. After that I would pull up with out help until my brothers told my father. He made me double after that. They could pull anything we would hitch them to. Their names were Dobbin and Ribbon. (Some team.)

Up to that time each one worked his team. F.R. worked the bay team which was Bill and Snapp by name. C.O. worked the gray team, Dobbin and Robbin. They were brother and sister, Dobbin being one year older.

My brothers did the farming, as my father had poor health at that time (for about 10 years). I was about 11 or 12 years old. My father and I did the feeding. I was considered the flunky according to me. I was always wanting to work a team and would stay home from school any time if one of the boys were going away, as I described on the last page of brother C.O. getting his own team and I got the gray team.

The Way We Cured Meat

After butchering, trim it up and let it cool out. Then rub salt all over it and let it lay about one week or until the salt looks like it has gone in, but don't let it freeze. Then mix as follows and paint it on with an old brush: sorgam molasses, borax, black pepper, half as much red pepper, and salt-peter. Apply on meat and let it dry. Then hand and smoke with hickory and sassafras wood. Sassafras will give it a beautiful color and hickory will flavor it - the taste, um, um. We had long bins with wood ashes in it. We would lay the meat in it with ashes under and over it so flies could not get to it. It would keep all summer; just go out, dig out a ham, sweep it off. When company came, good? Sure.

In 1927 the first talky movies began starring Jazz singer, Al Jolson.

On August 18, 1587, Virginia Dare was the first child of English parents to be born in America.

In 1890 the Mormons Church Conference in Salt Lake City, Utah abolished polygamy.

A small town garage sign read as follows: Hourly rates for mechanics, $6.00, if you watch, $10.00, if you help, $15.00 per hour.

In the Ozark Mountains, lighting means a sign of drought; in other parts of the country in means rain.

When you bake beans, cut bits of peaches up in to for a delicious treat.

When Jim Dougless Fainted

I have a lot of memories of Jim in my younger days. One evening Jim came over to use the telephone to call the vet. He had been riding horse back. He was standing beside his horse talking to my father. Then my little sister, Zelma, was running across a board at the branch. We laid her on the uppin-block. Her arm was bent, but not broken. My father grabbed it and straintened it out. We heard a thud and looked around to see Jim had fainted and was lying under his horse.

Thrashing Experience

One year Jim Woods-Thrasher was setting to thrash at the Cecil Bellison barn north of us. The engineer (I have forgotten his name) had unhitched from the separator to be set and was bringing the engine around the barn to belt up to the separator. There was a long field with a slope, very steep. A pin sheared off and the engine was a steam engine and used wood or coal. When the machine started in the neighborhood, we would go in the woods and cut wood. It was so hot we could hardly stand it. I guess it was because we never knew if there would be any wheat or not because it would sometimes freeze out in the winter.

Early Morning Experience

I remember when we boys were at home, especially in corn husking time, Dad would get up at 4 a.m., eat breakfast and sit around the stove and cut twine string and tie loops on them to tie the fodder in bundles. We husked out of the stock until day light. Sometimes on Mondays ww would not get home until 3 or 4 o'clock. It took much longer to get home in horse and buggy days. (So that's the way it was.)

My Name Was Almost Giddeon

I found a letter in my father and mother's papers that my grandmother had written while she was visiting her sister in Kansas. It stated, I heard the new baby has arrived, a boy, and you're thinking of naming him Giddeon. The date on the letter was the year I was born.

Trying to Sleep in Hay-Mow

When it rained us out of the field, we would make for the hay mowe to catch up on some shut-eye. An old hen would lay an egg and stand there and cackle for five or ten minutes and keep us awake.

I came across a clipping that is really a stumper. It said that in 1909, 26 million horses traveled 13 billion miles and 3850 people were killed in accidents involving horse-drawn vehicles. This gives a death rate of over 30 people per million vehicle miles. That is more then ten times as high as the rate on California freeways today.

Another thing you might have forgotten is that the longest mountain range on earth is under water. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge, 300 to 600 miles wide, runs nearly 10,000 miles from Iceland almost to the Antarctic Circle and Pico-Island. The highest peak in the ridge rises 27,000 feet from the ocean floor and 7815 feet above seal level.

I have spoken of Alice, the driving mare we had, that belonged to brother F.R.. Our dad bought her off Joe Gall near Sinking Springs for $60, I believe. She was a black beauty. She was about three years old and never been caught. F. R. broke her to drive. She was very nervous. He wore kicking straps on her for a while. It was a heavy strap going from one shalve over her rump to the other shalve. That way if she tried to kick she would have to raise the front of the buggy. We could not catch her out

Bess Stultz, M. C. C., Sam Bumgartner and Ruth Patton at Serpent Mount, 1916

M. C. C., Bess Stultz driving "Alice," 1916

in the field so we would open the stable door and then the field gate so she would come herself. (More about Alice on other pages.)

Previous to That

I had my first girlfriend, Roma Garman. I would walk three miles up to Strait Creed Church and she would come with her brother, Hugh, in his buggy. Then he would take his girl home and Roma and I would ride back with Overhelser's in their new 1912 Ford. Then I would walk her about one mile over the hill through the paster fields to her home.

One night in the Spring of the year, it was dark and balmy. She had a new spring hat on, round, turbin-like straw, very light. Anyway, we had two fences to climb over. While getting over, her hat blew off down over the hill. We hunted for that hat for several hours. Finally, we found it. By the time we arrived at her home, Hugh had taken his girl home and he had arrived home without Roma. As we came around the house her father was coming out to hunt her. He was really mad. I beat it, back over the hill. No wonder he didn't want us to go together. He said we were too young. Her mother had passed away years before and Roma kept house for her father and Hugh. After that, I went with her with the old family buggy.

Then before I inherited F. R.'s buggy, she commenced going with a distant cousin of mine, Ray Snyder, who had a beautiful horse and buggy. That is the story of my first girlfriend.

They went together until November 22, 1919. They were married and had two children, a boy and a girl. Both have passed away.

My Second Girlfriend

On March 6, 1915, I met Bessie E. Stultz at Louden, Ohio at an ice cream supper. They had a cake walk, by couples walking around by four judges, and lay a handkerchief on a couples shoulders when they passed. The next judge would lay it on the next couple, etc. Whoever had it on their shoulder when the time was up was the winner. Bess and I won a cake. She was visiting her cousin, Clara Stultz. They were rooming together at Peebles, going to high school. Bess was spending the weekend with Clara. I was invited the next day for dinner to help eat the cake we won. We commenced

M. C. C. & Ada McNulty 1915 at Serpent Mound Park

Alma Newman & M. C. C., 1916

Violet Roderick, 1918

Thelma L. Childers Graduation, Peebles High

dating at once, for about three years through 1915 to 1917. During that time I had inherited my brother's (F.R.) mare and buggy; a little black mare named Alice. She had been very nervous and I had to keep kicking straps on her for awhile. She was a very smart mare. Bess would spend her summers up at her grandmother's farm. In winters she stayed in Peebles and went to high school as I have mentioned. I would drive up to see Bess in the evenings. They had a large yard so I would take her briddle off and she would eat grass all evening. We would sit in the swing and watch her. When she would get close to the fence, she knew which way to cut the wheels to backup. When I would start home I would wrap the lines around the whip and then I would lay down on the seat and sleep on the way home. She would trot on the level, come to a hill, then walk up, then start trotting again. When arriving home she would go up to her barn door and rattle the door with her nose to wake me up. She was the smartest horse I ever knew.

During the years in the teens, they had a Chautaqua in August each year at Peebles. It was a very big affair. Real talent stage shows, talented speakers, stock companys; a good show each day and night. Young people would tent on the grounds all week. Bess and her cousin, Clara, usually spent the weekend there. I never tented but some of my buddies did. We usually worked on the farm until noon and go in the afternoon and evening, driving Alice ten miles in the livery barn. Alice would make for the tub of water by the pump and stick her nose to the bottom where it was cooler until she could hardly get her breath. The old attendent was Sam Frost. He would tell me I never watered her at home and she sure liked that well water.

I would have corn in the buggy to feed her in the evening and any time of night when I would get her to come home he would roll off his cot and hitch her up for me. All that for 15¢, afternoon and night (sure hard to believe these days).

Bess and I drifted apart before she graduated in 1917. William Thoroman took her to the graduation and continued dating her. He went to the service and came home on leave and married her on October 9, 1917. Good-bye my second love.

Of course I continued to date other girls all along. I had a nice courtship with Grace Havens who lived out by Fort Hill. I remember the good eats she would serve about 11 o'clock, consisting of country cured ham sandwiches, home made pie, etc.

Also other girls, I will name a few, Hazel Fergeson, Helen Burnett, Carolyn Frye, Alma Newman, Fay Gaffin, Ada McNulty, Blanch Hunter, Cora Thomas, Eva Eubanks, Elva Sprunce, Faith Sams, Glayds Cumming, Lena Swisshelm, Louise Hamilton, Mary Heppard, Mary Seamon, Lorhea Farris, Helen Cope, Dortha Hall, Helen Powell, Violet Roderick, Hortense Ryan, Ethel Frost.

When Ethel graduated in 1918, I took her to her banquet. One of the girls serving was Thelma Childers. I asked Ethel who she was. I thought she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Of course I made eyes at her and she returned a smile. That have me hope for a new girlfriend. Ethel went the next week to Oxford College. On May 13, 1918 I had my first date with Thelma L. Childers. That is how our courtship began which lasted 43 years.

My First Car Was a 1916 Model

In May 1918, I had a few dates with Thelma, driving Alice. She was scared of a horse. I remember the first ride I took her on was out east of Sinking Spring. We were coming down the town hill and caught the hub of the wheel in the fence. Alice stopped at once. Now you give me a kiss. She will back it up and go on, which she did when I eased back on the lines. That was my first kiss from Thelma.

Then on June 6, 1918, my father and I bought a 1916 Model-T Ford. I then went to Peebles to see Thelma in the Ford until the gasless Sundays came along. I then had to go back to Alice and the Buggy on Sundays. I remember Ed Fristo was going with Martha Gore up at Louden. He had to go back to his horse and buggy. He had a white horse. I could spot him and we would stop and talk awhile about the war and our girls.

I remember that Fall, in chestnut time, I took Vella Freman and Thelma up to my home on Saturday night to stay all night. We arrived late, my folks had retired. I took the kerosen lamp and went up the steps with the girls following. I had a great uncle, Noah Charles, who had a long mustach. We had to go through his room to their bedroom. The girls were talking and laughing, making plenty of noise. He raised up and said, "What the H--- is going on here?" I could hear the girls laughing about it all night.

I remember Carroll Rhoads, who was in the service. When he came home on furlo he would get his father's Ford, about a 1914 model, and we would double date. He went with Vella Freman, who lived across the street from Thelma. We would take rides with them. One time we were coming through the Fristo covered bridge and turned off the switch. He said when Melvin sings Pearl Bryan, I will crank it up and go on. So, I had to sing for them, as Thelma had to get in early, but Carroll would stay until about 2 or 3 o'clock. I would sleep in his car from 11 until 2 or 3 o'clock.

The last furlo Carroll had before going overseas, he called me to ask if Thelma and I would go with him and Vella to Hillsboro the next day. I met him out at the pike in pouring down rain, he in his 1914 Ford with side burtains. On we went to pick up the girls. He and Vella climbed in the back seat. He said he wanted me to do the driving today. We arrived at Hillsboro and he said to stop at the Highland House Hotel for dinner, which was a real treat in those days. While we were eating, they told us they had their licence and were getting married after dinner and wanted us to witness the wedding at the ME Parsonage. The date was April 10, 1919.

One Sunday afternoon, Thelma and I took a ride in my Ford. I undertook to teach her to drive it back home. She was scared to drive it, but I insisted. We were coming into town. She attempted to turn up the street to her home. She turned too quick and hit the curb. We went down the sidewalk, hitting a tree in front of Dr. Chabau's office. Was that ever embarassing, with people crowded around to see if we were hurt. We also woke the town cop up from his Sunday afternoon nap.

Suffron-Grage Brothers came up, jacked it up and put new radius-rods under it, straightened out the fender, etc. We were good friends of the Marshall, so he did not give us a ticket.

The next lesson I gave her was out in a field where she learned to drive. She was a very good driver all through the years.

After that wreck, we put vacuum cup tires on the front wheels. We took a trip to Franklin, Ohio and when we arrived back home they were wore smooth because the wheels were out of align. That was July 22, 1918.

* * * *

Had Our Fortunes Told

On Sunday, June 16, 1918, Vella Freeman, Aunt Essie, Ruth Brook, Bill Butler, Thelma and I went down on Blue Creek and walked up a mountain. An old lady lived there that tole fortunes. Her name was Miss Footwanger and had an old bachelor son by the name of John. She picked Thelma and I out and told us we would get married. She could see in the glass ball four living boys which we did have four living boys. Our first baby boy, Harold Byron, never lived. She told all of us things that came true.

On December 30, 1918, Earl Snyder and I went to Peebles in my sleigh (which I bought off Lester McCoppin for $20). We put the buggy tong on it and drove Alice and his mare to it. We arrived back home, almost frozen to death. We had to hold on to each other to get in the house. We never unhitched the team; we just drove them in the shed where we kept the sleigh. My dad was getting up to fix the fire up. It was 20° below zero. I was never that cold before in my life.

Before I commenced to going with Thelma steady, I had wanted a date with Louise Hamilton who lived in Peebles for a long time. She finally let me walk her home from church. We were walking along a dark street sidewalk. I stumped my toe and fell flat in front of her. Was I ever embarassed! (Just a big awkward boy!)

In the teen's all the young people would go to the Serpent Mound State Park on Sunday afternoon and play there. Then when we were older, we took our girlfriends and strutted them around.

M. C. Charles
1918

Thelma Childers
1918

Ruth Brook, Thelma,
M.C.C., Vella Freeman
and Essie Childers
1918

Melvin and Thelma
1918

When my father was a young man, about 1885, he drove a team for Frank Stultz, who had the contract of restoring the Serpent Mound State Park in Adams County, Ohio, one mile south of Louden. A story about Louden was when a man camein the store, claimed to be a champion whittler. He whittled all day. The store keeper, David Setty, closed the store that night and left him whittling. The next morning when they opened the store, the man was covered up with shavings, smothered to death.

On April 3, 1919, Thelma L. Childers and I were engaged. We had talked of marriage but I had never went on my knees and asked her for her hand. We were at the movie in Peebles,where we often went to see silent movies, with Tina Thomas playing the piano all through the show. The late sheet music songs like "The Missouri Waltz," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "The Glow Worm," "M-A-R-I-E," "One-Two-Three-Four," "Ukulele Lady," "I Want to Dream by the Old Mill Stream." A few of Guy Lombardo's late ones at that time, "Dream Train," "Paper Doll," "I Wonder-I Wonder-I Wonder." Some of Bing Crosby's late ones then were "Sioux City Sue," "Mexicali Rose," "Along the Navajo Trail." "Times," "White Christmas," and others like "Seems Like Old Cherry Blossom Lane" by Guy Lombardo. Others were "Pal of My Dreams," "Smiles," "Isle of Capri," "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "Over There," "The Rose of no Manland" "Good-Bye Broadway, Hellow France." I could fill this page and another one of the old sheet music that Thelma had saved during those years. Up until she passed away she would play some of them about every night. They were very precious to her, which I almost lost, as I described in another place in these writings.

This special night at the movie, the young couples usuall sat pretty close and held hands. I took here hand and splipped the diamond ring on her finger. What a thrill! We never could remember what that picture was. I sold a heifer that belonged to me at the stock sale. I stopped up at the jewelry store in Hillsboro and bought her a diamond engagement ring. We went to all the activities of her graduation, dance, banquet, showing off her engagement ring. We had set no date for the wedding at that time. On July 11, 1919, we were at a party at Ethel Neil's, which she was giving for Carlyn Frye (I can't remember how they were connected). That night we set the date to get married on July 31, 1919. We were to take my father and mother to the Hillsboro Fair in which we would get the knot tied. On Thursday morning of the fair we went down for Thelma and

back up for my father and mother, and on to Hillsboro. We stopped in, gave the folks the slip, and went to the Court House to secure our marriage license. W. E. Parker was the Recorder at that time. We started down the street to the first Parsonage we came to and found the Reverend. He was Rev. Patterson who signed the license as Minister of the Gospel. His wife and housekeeper signed as witnesses.

We came back up to Hillards Ice Cream Parlor and met my mother who thought we were lost. She bought us ice cream. We didn't tell her where we had been. Thelma was so nervous she could hardly eat.

By the time we arrived at the fairgrounds everyone we met knew we were married. W. E. Parker had seen my dad and told him we had gotten our license. We came back to my home for mother's quick, unexpected wedding supper.

By that time the word had gotten to Peebles and Thelma's Aunt Essie called and said for us to come on down; Thelma's father wanted to talk to us. When we walked in his Butcher Shop, her father was really mad and said he was going to have our marriage annuled because she was too young to get married. He said he needed her to keep house for him, otherwise he would have to hire a housekeeper, etc. About that time his sister, Aunt Essie,came in the shop, and brother and sister really had it out. Of course Essie was protecting us and won the case. It made us feel sorry for him. Finally, he gave us his blessing.

Father, James O. Childers, died on October 21, 1920.

He found a lady to keep house for him, but only lived until that fall. He was painting a roof on Kings Flat when his ladder slipped and fell about 30 feet on his hands. His wrist bones protruded through the skin into the ground. He only lived for 48 hours. The family was scattered then, James, the oldest, started to live with us, but soon joined the Navy. Joe and Charles Brook went to the K. P. Home in Springfield. Mary Louise went to Aunt Lizzie at Cincinnati to live, but passed away with spinal-meningitis on February 28, 1921.

Our first born died at birth, described in another place in this writing. Bernard Wade was born January 30, 1922 and weighed 9 pounds. The lady assisted in our home was Nan Freeze, my mother's cousin. She chewed long, green tobacco and had a pocket in her skirt where she kept it.

The Four Sons of Thelma and M. C. Charles
Roger, Norm, Wendell, Wade
"1965"

We had an old wood cook stove with a hearth in front of it. By the time Thelma was able to get out in the kitchen the hearth was covered with burnt tobacco juice where she had attempted to spit in the ashes.

Wendell Lamont was born on May 8, 1925 at 7:30 in the evening. He weighed 8 pounds. The first visitors were Rea-Mildred, Charles and Dad. Our hired girl was Ruth Harner, a very young but good worker and a good cook. She stayed with us two weeks at $3.00 per week.

Norman Merle was born 2:20 on Friday, February 25, 1927. Dr. Brook was the Doctor. While he was waiting, with his gun with him, he went up in the woods to see if he could get a squirrel. He told me if the pains became closer to tap the dinner bell. He did not get to stay long until I rang the bell. The girl this time was Goldie Thomas from near Conway Chapel. She was a little older and a real good worker, good cook and clean housekeeper. She would take the doyles off the stands every week and wash them. We were certainly lucky in good help.

Roger Eldon was born around 3:00 in the evening on July 31, 1930. We were hauling gravel on our road with five or six teams close to our house. My dad came to me and said for me to get some one to drive my team and get down to the house, that my mother was with Thelma and that they had called Doctor Shaboet. Oh, was it ever hot; no air conditioning or electric fan. Poor sole almost burnt up while in bed. We had good luck again with help. Mary Wilson from just up the road was with us two weeks. She was good help.

On August 4, 1930, Ramona, Zelma's little girl caught her finger in the car door and cut it off.

Uncle N. W. Charles died at Highland County Home on May 20, 1929.

A Dream of M. C. Charles

After leaving the farm, I kept dreaming of hog tracks in the branch when I would go back to the farm (so in my dream). I was there looking at the tracks when my old meighbor, Harvey Shoemaker, came by. He said, "Melvin, that is your hogs' tracks. The hills are full of hogs. When you left, you missed two sows. They have lived on acorns and multiplied until I bet there is ten carloads up in there. I have protected them for you for two years, not knowing your address." Of course I became excited about selling them. Then I woke up -- what a let down.

A Morfidite and a girl fell in love. She insisted on getting married; he rejected, saying, "I am a Morfidite." "Oh, that's no problem," she said, "you can go to your church and I can go to mine."

On Sunday, May 1937, we decided to go down to John and Aria Moore's who lived down on big Brush Creek near Cedarmills. We did not know which ford to take in crossing the creek. We started across but was supposed to circle upstream some to avoid a deep place. Of course, we hit the deep place. Water went over the engine and it stopped. The Ford was a touring car and we had the top layed down. Water came in the car and we had to get up on the seats. The creek wasn't up, the water was nice and clean and the sun was shining beautifully. As luck would have it, the battery was above water. I commenced blowing the horn until a nearby farmer came down and said he would get his mules from the pasture field and pull us out. There we sat for an hour,until he came back, listening to the birds sing. The farmer came with his mules and hipboots on and pulled us out. One of our little boys was crying to go to the toilet. The farmer helped drain the oil and water out of the crankcase and had some used oil to put in and we were on our way. It was 3 o'clock when we arrived at our destination without anything to eat. That was our punishment for not going to church!

Forest and Guy Wallace Left for Illinois

On February 21, 1915, brother F. R. and Guy Wallace left for Illinois to work by the month. They received $40 per month. I took them to Peebles to the train. F. R. worked for a farmer by the name of A. H. Springe. He was also an auctioneer. Guy had a job but only stayed one month and came home. He was home sick. Up to that time I had used an old mare, Snap,and steel tired buggy. Old Snap, as I mentioned on another page, of being born and died under the same tree, 24 years old.

Brother F. R. left me a beautiful little black mare named Alice that I really enjoyed and loved. She was the smartest I ever saw. (More about Alice later.)

The Thrashing Season

I remember we thrashed the old fashion way, with a steam engine and separator, a 30 foot belt out to the separator from the engine. Some neighbors had no wheat bars, so they ricked their wheat in ricks so the separator would sit between them and let the feeder down and two men on each rick would pitch the sheaves in the feeder. All the neighbors would help each other. When thrashing, the dust would roll out of the feeder. If there was any wind it would blow the wind one way. We had two brothers who would come and stand a while and observe the way the wind was coming and get up on the ricks opposite the way the wind was going and sit there until we set the separator. Everyone would notice them. One thing they missed was hearing the gossip; they were smart.

Jim Douglas While Thrashing

When Grandfather Setty would thrash, he would usually kill a sheep and have mutton for the men to eat. Jim claimed he didn't like it, so the year I am thinking of, we made it up to fool him. We talked how good the beef was so he ate some of it the same as the rest of us. He also said it was the best he ever ate. After we went back to work, someone said that the mutton tasted more like beef than he had ever tasted. Jim stood there a minute and commenced to turn pale. He stepped around the corner of the barn and threw it up.

Jim was a character you would never forget. Everyone always liked to have him help thrash, whether he had any wheat to thrash or not. I remember one time while we were thrashing, a mouse ran up his leg. He had a new pair of overalls on. He grabbed where the mouse was with his left hand and took his right hand and got his knife out and opened it with his teeth. He cut around his left hand where he was holding the mouse and three it on the ground mashed it into jelly and worked the rest of the day with that hole in his new overalls.

He was a water witch. He found a well for us in our back yard that was 77 feet deep, sulpher water, and ran over the top.

Painting Schoolhouses in Bratton Twp.

In 1926, August 13, Waiter (Peg) Thompson was helping me paint schoolhouses in Bratton township. We were painting Pleasent Valley Schoolhouse when we saw a car coming down the hill. There was no traffic on that road as we were at the end of the road. The car pulled in and stopped and a man stepped out and asked if one of us was Walter Thompson and Peg said he was. Well, I am the Counstable of Pike County and I have a warrant for your arrest. Come down off the ladder. We were both up on ladders and Peg asked me if he should go down and I told him I thought he better. The story was that he had this girl pregnant and he had to marry her that day. He came back to work the next morning and told the story but continued to work until we finished. They lived together and raised a large family. In later years they lived in Berriesville. One night he was walking across the road and was hit by a car and died.

In 1926 Frank Freeze and Steve Deardoff were killed with dynamite at Porters Mill Hill. It seems like Frank had small plyers crimping the caps on the sticks of dynamite and one went off, setting the rest of the boxes off. I have the plyers yet; they were found by Lyle Frye. Lyle was one that helped O. A. Tener, the undertaker, pick up the bodies. The day they were killed, Peg and I were painting at Andrews Schoolhouse. Frank Armstrong rode over horseback to tell us (they had no car).

If you remember this, you have been here a while. The Singing Ladies, early 20th centrury, Nickalodeons were a tremendous bargain. For fice cents patrons could enjoy a couple of one-reel films. A juggler, a dog act, and a comic. In addition, the time between was the one-reelers filled by songs and illustrators. Accompanied by a group of colored slides, these singing ladies entertained with the latest tunes, often inviting the audience to join in the chorus. The songs illustrator was the forerunner of the follow-the-bouncing ball fad of the 20's.

After the show at Gray's Movie in Greenfield, we would go out on the street corner for a 5¢ hamburger.

Highlights in the '30's

On March 15, 1930 we were at Beauf and Ocie Garman's in Dayton for the weekend. They took us up town to see the first talk picture show. Al Jolson was the star of the show.

Dr. Snook was electrocuted on February 27, 1930 at 7 a.m.

A. G. Setty, my grandfather, died March 4, 1932. He signed his pension check at four o'clock that evening, then he passed away.

Mary E. Setty died twenty-five days later on March 29 at 4:30. She was my grandmother.

On October 2, 1932 I was 34 years old. There were 34 people at my birthday dinner.

A good buddy of mine, Billie Butler, who was the same age, was buried on July 17, 1932.

On August 6, 1933, Wade and Wendell were baptized by A. E. Anderton, District President of Columbus, Ohio.

July 4, 1932 our youngest son, Roger, fell in our little creek that went between our house and barn and was washed down about a fourth mile before I could get him out. My wife screamed and prayed for the Lord to same him. He was about 18 months old.

On February 15, 1933, Forest and Grace Roberts moved to the old Setty place where they raised tobacco and worked for by Dad. On March 14, 1935 they moved to Clearmont Co.

Joe Bacus then moved in on April 5, 1935 and moved out on August 1, 1932. While he was there he helped T.W. Gall cut logs and put out tobacco. I bought his half when he moved out.

October 3, 1935, Bob and Cora May moved in the Setty place. Davy Welch worked for Dad. He batched in Dad's tobacco stripping house. Uncle T.W. Gall bought some timber which we call Jonah Hollow. Davy and Joe Bacus cut it for him. The boys, Dad, and I logged it for him to the mill.

My nephew, Kenneth Charles, graduated from Sinking Spring in 1935. I will never forget the trip. Ken took me to the hospital when they called and said that Thelma had a back-set. Also, I rode with him in the Pennsylvania Mountains in his big Mach outfit. We started down a mountain and he said he was turning her loose. I could see a bridge at the bottom. I wondered if he would hit it or make it through. Was I ever scared!

During War time, February 1935, farmers were supposed to sign up to take 30% cut in farming, hogs and corn. I could raise 33 hogs, butcher 5 and sell 28 and only plant 35 acres of corn. I was paid by the Government three checks during the year; first $81.17, second, $53.63 and third, $39.24 -- total $174.04.

I find in my diary for January 1936, saying it was January 31 and it was still zero temperature and had been for two weeks.

In my father's diary in 1898 it states that in February they had two weeks of zero weather and some nights it was thirty-two below. I was only four months old. They had to keep me in front of the fireplace to keep me from freezing. I guess that was the coldest I've been in my life, and 1936 was the next coldest.

At Kirtland Temple we had a reunion the week of 19-24 August, 1936. On the 22nd, Orval Ebling and I decided to go to Cleveland to the Great Lakes -- Expo! He drove my car, as he was more familiar with the traffic, etc. It was the wildest ride I ever had. I really prayed for safety.

A Few Dates to Remember

I commenced to haul school kids September 8, 1931.

Henry Riley commenced working at the County Home on March 1, 1936.

Kirtland Temple was 100 years old March 29, 1936.

The largest flood ever was at Pittsburg and Jamestown in March 1936.

Dad and I traded for a new Ford at Sufferns Garage. The price of the new Ford was $776. They gave us $136 for the old one -- $640 difference for a 1936 model.

May 1936 was locust year in the hills.

Vernon and Iolene Kelly moved out the the Setty place December 16, 1936. Inlaws moved in January 23, 1937.

November 9, 1926, I bought 25 hens from J.L. McElee. They were black with white spots on them; good layers; 12¢ per pound, 71 pounds -- $8.52.

Saturday, April 1940, bought Wade's graduation clothes. Suite, $19.75; shoes, $4.00; hat, $3.00; total, $28.39.

July 8, 1940, sold dump truck to Charlie Fulton. Bill Hinkley moved in Setty place on April 1, 1940.

Chester Simmonds left on December 10, 1940 for Indianapolis, Indiana.

The well at our new church in Springfield is 96 feet deep. At $4.00 per foot, is cost $384.00 in August 1971.

Moved to the Orr place on June 8, 1948.

June 21, 1948 we had a hail storm with hail as large as goose eggs. Eight weighed one pound. It knocked out 27 glass windows on the west side of our house.

The first ice-cream for sale was called Hoka Polka.

March 17, 1939, we bought Wade his first car from Bakers used car dealer in Hillsboro for $100. We borrowed the money from O. A. Tener in Sinking Springs.

June 29, 1938, Bobby Remark died with cancer. He was the first victim I remember.

Wade's first job was at Jessie Brooks farm in Peebles on May 30, 1938.

A Fourth of July Experience

July 4, 1932, Roger was almost 2 years old. We had a rain up the hollow; the branch came down big. The older boys were on the other side and they did not notice him coming across the board. Thelma and I were in the house and she had a feeling to look for him. Just as she went out in the yard she saw him fall off the board in the water. She jumped in to try to get him but he had washed on down the stream. I ran out to help her and ran on down below. I saw his little straw hat floating on the water and I knew he would be close. I got him out after he had washed about a fourth of a mile under two water gates. He was alive. Thelma screamed for God to save him so loud that my father and mother, who lived a half mile down the road, heard her. We had not been Christians very long. We always believed that God saved him, proving to us that He will answer prayers. It was a miracle here on earth.

I see in my diary on October 17, 1932, writen in by his mother, Roger is broken from diapers. Ha! Ha!

While I'm writing of the fourth son, Roger: He cut his knee at school with new blue overalls and got it poisoned.

We took him to the hospital and he had strep poison and a fever of 106°. The doctor told us he had done all he could do, that his body was burnt up with fever. We called the elders of our church. They came and administered to him. In one hour his fever had dropped two degrees. The doctor came in the next morning and was astonished. He said higher power could do more than he could.

Billy, Roger's Pony

Roger was like most boys, always wanting a pony. So, when he was in the hospital we promised him a pony. We gave $60.00 for Billy in Seaman, Ohio. We drove him to an old buggy and hauled water. When the trashing machine came through the neighbors would pay him to keep fresh water for the men. When the school bus would stop in the evening, Billy would run down to the gate so Roger could ride him. After we moved to Greene County, he traded him for a bicycle.

In 1913, a Hoboken, New Jersey man, Giden Sunback, patented the zipper.

We Were Baptized in the RLDS. Church

December 10, 1931, Thelma and I were baptized at old Porters Mill dam, near Sinking Springs, by John R. Grice, a missionary who held meetings at the Mason Hall before we built a new church. He hald five week meetings and baptized twenty people. We were included. The ice was frozen along the edge so that had to break it to get in the water. At that time I was driving a school bus. I would stop off evenings at Rhoads store to get bread or some articles. Hazel Puckett worked there and was to be baptized the same evening. On this evening, she told me she had a bad sore throat. I told her I did too, with white in it. We wondered what to do about it, so we decided to trust in the Lord and be baptized. The next morning I stopped for groceries. Both of our sore throats were gone. It surely was a good experience for us just entering the church.

Experience in Driving the Bus

While I was driving the bus, I would haul the ball team, plus others. The night I am thinking of, Thelma and the younger boys went along. We were playing Marshall. After each game the boys would shower in the basement and we would wait after the crowd had left for the boys.

Well, Thelma had an occasion to go to the rest room, but she could not go to the basement. I decided to go with her out back because it was raining and dark. They had just remodeled;the side walk only went part way. When we came to the end she went down in the mud and the water and me on top of her. I was trying to get off of her and she just laid there and laughed. I finally got her up but she decided it was too late. Through the years it was fun to hear her tell it.

The Death of Old Snap

Snap was the family mare we all drove when we started to run around. She lived to be 32 years old and died on September 25, 1934 under the same tree she was born under, so my diary says. My father use to tell me of my mother riding her side saddle.

In May 1934, the boys had the measles, one at a time.

World's Plowing Contest

The World's Plowing Contest was held on September 17-20, 1957 at Peebles, Ohio. Art evans and I decided to go down (we were painting together at that time). We left Cedarville about 8 o'clock, stopped at my parents' home in Hillsboro at 9 o'clock and visited awhile, then started on. We noticed a lot of traffic on the road but when we came within two miles of Louden, Ohio the traffic was stopped and would move only the length of two cars. We were about eight miles from where the contest was being held.

We moved along in the traffic from 10 o'clock until after 2 o'clock before we arrived at a parking lot. Then we took a shuttle wagon pulled by a tractor in to the main grounds, about one mile away. We arrived in the middle of the afternoon, starved to death. All the eating places were crowded with thousands of people all over the world. We did not get to see much. The only way to have seen it all was to go every day as my brother C.O. and his wife, Alta did. I guess they saw it all; I'm glad because they passed away soon after that.

This was the only time the Plowing Contest was ever held in the U.S. and to think, at Peebles, Ohio!

They built landing strips for planes to land on from all over the world. It was held on several hundred acres of Russell Webb's farm (formerly the old Wickerham-Hughs farm). After the contest was over, Webb was unrolling

wire fence which caught his leg and tore it off. About a year after that he died with a heart attack (just thought you would like to know).

Louden Store and M.E. Church

I was born and raised two miles east of the M.E. Church on the Strait Creek Road. We did our trading there in horse and buggy days. David Setty ran the store. He was a first cousin of my mother. My boys always were given a full bag of candy each time we would trade there.

Coxey's Army

In 1894 a band of jobless men known as Jacob Coxey's Army, swarmed into Washington to force Congress to create more jobs. The cornerstone of the Smithsonion Institution, "The store house of the nation," was laid on May 1847. The money came from the bequest of James Smithson, a British scientist.

J. Edgar Hoover Died

FBI Chief Hoover died at the age of 77 years old, unmarried, headed agency a record of 48 years. He died on a Monday night, May 1, 1972,in his sleep.

Bonner Jones

Bonner and I worked together at the field for five years. On July 20, 1946, he commenced working with me at house painting. We were painting Sohio pumps in Mechanisburg. We had to stay overnight at a tourist home. We payed for the night, left our bags, and went up town to eat. The home was operated by two old maid sisters. To make the story complete, I had my pajamas in a shopping bag and Jones has his in a small basket ball satchel. They must have inspected our belongings, as the next week he received the bottom part of his pajamas in the mail. He just couldn't understand how they new they were his pajamas. Our wives had a lot of fun over it. I explained to him about what had happened. Jones worked with me until September 16th.

Alva Ford commenced September 17, 1946. Alva and I were painting out at Paul Edward's farm. This day Alva was sick and I went on out the lean-to roof. It was frosty and I walked out on it with my bucket of red paint. I went down and landed in a big manure pile with red paint all over me. Dave Baldwin came out and thought I had blood all over me. He gave me some old clothes to come

home and get clean ones, as I could not get in the truck.

Highlights in History

On this date in 1945, delegates of 45 nations met in San Francisco to organize the United Nations.

On this date in 1859, construction of the Suez Canal was formally begun.

On this date in 1898, United States declared war on Spain.

On this date in 1901, New York became the first state to require licenses for cars.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was the first President, commonly referred to by initials FDR.

Painting Interior for Frank Cresswell

In 1943 I was painting woodwork for Mrs. Cresswell. She told me when I came to Frank's bedroom to not turn his radio off as he would wake up and then we would have trouble with him. I took down drapes, blinds, and rolled the bed around and he snored away. It was one of those days for him. That day, I was painting a linen closet when I ran into two large diamond rings on a nail that belonged to Mrs. Cresswell.

Prayer was Answered

In the 1930's during the depression, in the spring, I would plow gardens in Sinking Springs. It was three miles riding one horse and leading the other one (quite a trip to make if it rained). We just became Christians. The morning I am thinking of it commenced to rain just as I came to town, so I thought I would pray for it to stop which it did and I plowed all day. I would plow from 6 to 8 gardens in a day, getting $2.50 for a small one and $4.00 for a large one. Making $28.00 to $30.00 per day was good for those days; it sure was hard work swinging that plow around with a team.

In 1937 Commenced New LDS Church in Sinking Springs

August 7, 1937, Lawson Rhoads layed the first block on the corner next to the school house. I layed a watch fob under it with a good luck horse show with a new 1937 penney on it. We finished it in 1939. While working on the new church, I was driving the school bus. I would stay all day and work, then drive the bus in the evening.

Group at the new L. D. S. Church at Sinking Springs, Ohio in 1938

Some days Thelma would go in with me and help the women quilt. This day, I remember, she was quilting with Alice Davidson. They quilted and talked all morning until lunch time. Alice excused herself while she went to get a bite to eat. She went in the kitchen. Thelma heard a thump on the floor. She ran in and Alice had dropped dead (a shock for Thelma).

Other days the wives of men working would bring food and they quilted while we worked on the church (after we had it enclosed).

November 30, 1937 we put up the first rafters and the first smoke rolled out the chimney. We bolted them together on trussles on the ground, boring the holes by hand, etc. Carroll Rhoads was our pastor and boss, as he was a carpenter by trade. His uncle, Little Dan Rhoads, also a carpenter, would come and watch us. He said the braces were wrong, that they would never stand. He had us all mixed up (after 30 years they are still standing).

The building committee were Gen Crum, Chester Simmons, Charlie Garman, Heber Woods, and myself. Gene and Chester wanted elevated floors, Charlie and Heber wanted level floors, so that left me to make the decision. Lawson Rhoads, the brick layer, advised me the church was not large enough for elevated floors, so that got be off the hook. That was all the trouble we had and I had to be in it.

On May 9, 1938, Orval Rhoads and Jim Toll roofed the church. They were non-members. It was very steep and dangerous; they were paid.

The first service was held February 19, 1938. There were about 50 people present. April 9, 1939 we had sun-rise worship at 6:30 a.m. On October 15, 1939 we had the district conference. Around 300 were present. Apo'Gomer T. Griffeth was present and preached that day. He was retired at that time.

October 1, 1939, Norman Merle and Roger Elden Charles were baptised by A.E. Anderton was district president at that time. On December 8, 1937, Apo McConley preached Ray (Tod) Deardoff's funeral.

How Animals will Protect Their Young

On Labor Day, 1933, Thelma's brother Jim was at our home all night, planning to go to Serpent Mound, as on that day everyone in the neighborhood and old timers came back. Well, there had been a cold drizzle rain all

night. When I fed my hogs one sow was missing which was about due to pig, but I had not shut her up yet. I put on my gun-boots and raincoat and went to look for her. I came over a bank looking down in a reavene where some swamp grass grew. There I saw a large nestshe had made by carrying grass with her mouth. She was laying there with her head in the nest with steam coming out the top of the nest to keep them warm. She had her pigs and after they had nursed she was keeping them warm. I would say that was nature's instinct in animals. Oh, by the way, she had eight pigs, so my diary says.

On July 30, 1927 James Childers had a motorcycle accident while on guard duty at Patterson Field. He was a guard there at that time. He mashed his leg so bad they had to remove it just below the knee. He had five operations after that until he only had a stub of his thigh left which he put up with the rest of his life with an artificial limb.

I. N. Wallace was robbed and killed on September 29, 1928 A. M. Fouch was buried at Hollow-town, June 8, 1929. Aunt Beck Schoonever died January 17, 1929. (Sister of my grandfather, George Charles and Uncle Noah.)

James Childers and Lucile King were married November 3, 1934. Atlee Thomas and Audry Purtee were married April, 1933. Toby Thomas and Ocie Purtee were married March, 1934. Vincent Shields and Rhea-Mildred Charles were married November 26, 1934.

On March 29, 1929, I bought a new Ford from Sufferon's Garage. The new price was $400.00. I received $200.00 for the old one.

Grandpa and Grandma A. G. and Mary E. Setty enjoyed living together for 68 years and 8 months. They celabrated in 1930 after there 67th year with 200 present.

Believe it or Not

We had a man by the name of Harry Williams, from Pennsylvania. He married a girl in the neighborhood by the name of Ida Shoemaker. She had listed her name in a magazine for a companion. He answered the ad and came to see her and married her and raised a large family. He was a good tobacco man; raised it, chewed it, smoked it. The punch line of this story is: I was picking blackberries with him. I observed him with a chew in his mouth, his pipe going, smoke rolling out, and he would occasionally throw in a handfull of berries and chew them

up in one side of his mouth. (A memory I never forgot.)

Some time in the 1920's, in those days when someone died, they were embalmed at home. Up the hollow from where we lived(the old Badgley house) Jim Shoemaker lived. They had a baby that died. Thelma and I offered to set up all night, as that was the custom. The house was old, plenty of cracks and places for rats to come in. That night they came in by the droves. We each one had a broom to fight them away from the casket -- what a night!

In 1923 the body of the kidnapped baby, son of the Charles A. Lingberg's, was found in a woods in Hopewell, New Jersey.

In 1945, President Franklin D. Roosevelt died. Harry S. Truman was sworn in as the 33rd U.S. President.

English scientist, Sir Isaac Newton, weighed four pounds when born. He wasn't expected to live, but he reached the ripe old age of 84 years and wrote five million words: More Then, Shakesphere, or Proust, Even the Bible.

(A Smile So Charming)

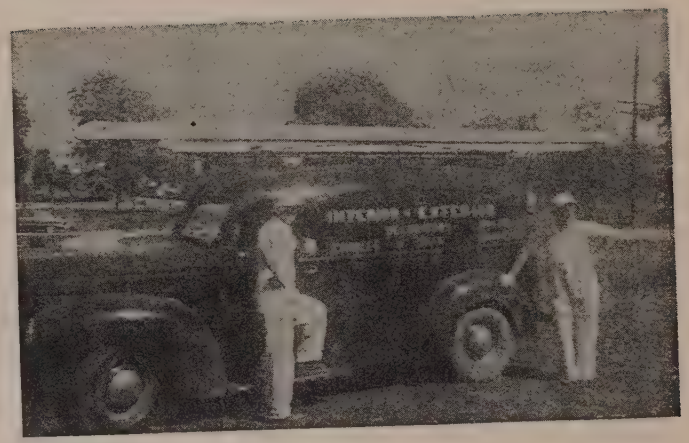
What makes your smile so charming, lady of wonder?
Is it a mother with a baby boy on her knee?
A young ballerina whirling on a ballroom floor?
Or is it a fawn in the meadow jumping and kicking with glee?

In 1945, Walter Hunt of New York City received a patent for his patent of the safty pin (wanted you to know).

Remember the days when it was common for a man to hold the same job and stick to it all his life? He didn't like to change either.

Jackson Yankey Justice of the Peace

Oval Yankey of Greenfield told F. R. and I that his grandfather Jackson Yankey was a surveyor, a blacksmith, farmer, and Justice of the Peace in two counties. The county line of Adams and Highland counties went through their house. Whatever county he would be doing business in, he would go on that side of the house. (That no doubt is a true story.)



Interior - Exterior Decorators "Truck"
Jim Shaw and M. C. Charles

A Close Call

Art E. and I were painting a tall barn roof for Bobby Evans, where "Max" his son lives. We had our tall ladder from the ground up to the eave. I took the first ladder up, layed it flat on the roof. Art came up behind me and was holding the bottom. I started up it, to get on the comb, to lay another one over on the other side. Art's ladder he was standing on started to slip. He could not hold my ladder and catch himself too. I had to go on up my holding to the standing seams, but I made it. The story can't be told as dangerous as it really was, but I had the fun of trying to tell it.

Abraham Lincoln

In April 1865, President Lincoln was shot by John Wilks Booths at Fords Theater in Washington, D.C. He died the next morning. The funeral services were held in the White House.

A Kentucky Man

His wife had twins, a boy and a girl. They were puzzled to know what to call them, so he suggested they talk to her uncle about what to name them. Well, you like the name Denice for the girl, so call the boy De-Nephew.

* * * *

May 7, 1972, Shellie Ann Davidson was blessed by her Grandfather, Elder Wendell L. Charles, and Elder Gene Porter. Parents are Sherrie and Richard Davidson.

September 2, 1937, Joann Childers was born to James Childers, Thelma's brother.

Painting Ceiling in Middletown City Bus Company

In February 1952, Jim Shaw and I took a job painting the ceiling up over the busses. The paint smell & bus fumes almost got us. We had cat-walks up on the beams. We had the job about half done when a couple of men came and asked us to come down. I said to Jim, "Bet they're Union men. He asked if we should go down and I said I guess we had better. One was a union steward. He said they had union men out of work and we had no cards, but if we would let a couple of their men work and help finish the job they would not picket the place. The owner said no, but after he talked to his lawyer, he decided to let them help finish and the company would pay them, as we had a bid price on the job. We had been painting two sections each day.

It took them two days to paint one section. An experience I never forgot.

Art and I Find Dead Man in South Charleston

Art and I commenced to paint a house one morning and a lady next door came over and said her father lived in the trailer in the back and did not answer her, but she could see him sitting in there. We went over and Art went in and he was dead; the radio going full blast. I still remember seeing him sitting in there dead.

Drinking from a Thermos Jug

Art Evans and I were painting for Roger Collings on a very hot day. Art took a drink from the jug and handed it to me. I took a drink. Roger, Jr., just a boy, was watching us and said we both drank out of the same jug. Art told him we both had the same thing and it made no difference. He asked him if he wanted a drink and he said, "Oh no."

Made Good Money on Job in Xenia

In the 1950's Art and I took a job in Xenia for $500. They furnished the paint; we painted it in two days, making $250 each. Good money in those days, I say.

Wade and His Butter

Mother, saying to Wade, "Take it easy on that butter." It cost 40¢ a pound, but it was sure worth it.

A Cyclone in Adams County, Ohio

It was so bad after it was over, looking at the wreckage. They heard a rooster crow. He was looking out of a jug a stone jug. Hardly believable, wouldn't you say?

This is the 25th of April, 1972. I will be 74 years old this year. This is the first typing I have ever done. How about that?

Watched a Cadillac Burn Up

While in Florida on December 10, 1953, some friends in the next cabin to us, by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Bert West, were going from Orlando to Clearwater. A nice Cadillac passed us and we discovered smoke rolling up

M. C. and Thelma Charles
in Florida, 1953

from inside of one back wheel. We caught up with them and blew our horn and tried to get them topped, but they could not understand until the blaze started up around the car. Then they stopped but it was too late. We helped to get their luggage out and carried it back by our car and stopped the traffic. About that time, the gas tank blew up and it was a gonner.

Someone from near by had called the Fire Department but they came too late. The man and wife had been on their vacation in Canada and had driven over 8,000 miles and was only five miles from home.

* * * * *

That same year Wade's came down to Florida and spent a week with us. We found a cottage close to us and had a good time. We went to Cypress Gardens, Bock Tour, and the Great Master Piece. Also the largest Cypress in the world. Brenda J. was about one year old then. One afternoon I babysat and she and I slept all the time they were gone. In Cypress Gardens, Sylvia tried to get Wade to make love to one of the beautiful girls who was standing around the Garden; I guess to beautify the Garden. Wade said, "Oh no, that would be grounds for divorce."

* * * * *

Back in the horse and buggy days and carriages with only a few autos, our family of six children and father and mother, making eight, in the carriage was on our way from William Robert's home. He had 14 children, 12 girls and 2 boys. We occasionally visited each other all day with family dinner. Well, on a hill ahead of us, we saw the dust rolling up and we knew an auto was coming. Father pulled off in the ditch, he holding one horse and F.R., the oldest brother, holding the other one. It was George Hentz, banker of Peebles, who had one of the first autos around. It made father so mad he wouldn't do any banking for a long time in his bank.

In Memory Magic Lane

Every man holds a magic baton in his heart. It is called memory. With it he can dismiss fears of the future and calm the turbulence of today by restoring and enjoying the serenity of a past time. It is, perhaps, only by the reassurance that memory provides us, that human beings are able to endure this world, with the fortitude we do. Can we look back and remember one of the nice things about being born into a small family, that was, a hungry kid usually could have seconds at dinner. In a large family a boy who didn't put enough on his plate to satisfy him at the first passing was out of luck.

It was an honor to carry the big bass drum in a small town band for the guy behind you, to beat.

In 1933, the United States went off the Gold Standard. In 1912 the liner Titanic struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic. More than 500 lives were lost in the sinking of the ship.

My Third Son

Norman Merle was the best baby we had. He never cried or gave us any trouble. I have written a lot of things of the other boys and he is remembered when he had his tonsils out. Before he came to, he would keep saying, "Say She Did." The boys had a lot of fun with the saying and their mother would correct them. They would say, "Say She Did." He was always energetic. When we lived on the Titlo farm, he would get the cows in of a morning, then come back to the house and get W. L. up to help him milk. All of my boys have made good citizens. All have about the same job they had when they finished school. All made lot more money than I ever did. I am very proud of them. I only wish their mother could have lived longer to enjoy them and all the grandchildren and great grandchildren, but the Lord had his reason for taking her. My life would been happier if she could have lived longer, and we both would have gone close together as my father and mother did, but we do not have that privilege of picking the time to go.

Painting in Dayton

On April 20, 1941 I went to Dayton with Clifford (Tag) Brooks, who was painting for a contractor by the name of Erban Bruns. Bruns said he could use me if I could paint at 65¢ per hour and if I would get a painter's uniform. I found a place to room with two meals per day at $1.00 per day.

We were painting out in Oakwood (beautiful homes). He put me on the front door with a lot of ginger bread on it, opened in over the beautiful carpet. I laid down my drop cloth on the carpet and did a nice job (he told me). Then he put me on the chimney with white mule hide paint, while the others were painting the main house (the point was, if I could do that I was OK).

I recal five of us going to a certain resturant to eat each day. On this day I am thinking about, we were all

walking up the sidewalk to the resturant. Bruns and a couple of the painters were ahead of us. I discovered they went by the resturant that we usually ate at. I said, "they are going by the usual place we eat." The one with me said, "Sure, after that waitress asked who the milk-baby was." (I was the only one that drank milk.) It made Bruns mad. He swore we would not eat there anymore. They all drank their hi-balls before they ate; its supposed to kill the poison of paint. I used to drink milk for the same reason. He drank all the time, but respected me for not drinking. I always told my boys this story. They did not have to do what their buddy's would do and they would be respected.

Bruns was raised a Catholic. One day he walked up beside me and said, "Charley, you don't smoke, you don't drink, I never hear you swear. How do you ever get any fun out of life?" "Well," I said, "when I go to prayer service on Wednesday night and hear the prayers and testimonies of our people, with God's spirit so strong that tears run down our cheeks, that is my full enjoyment." He hardly understood me, but he liked me.

Working at Patterson Field

On October 28, 1941, I commenced working at Patterson Field. I worked as a classified labor group until there was an opening on the paint gang. I was transferred to the paint gang on January 13, 1942. I worked at the field until 1946.

I remember the carpenters building, an office in the middle of Building 116. We painters had an order to paint it. Before we finished painting it the carpenters came back with an order to tear it down. A new Lieutenant had taken over the building and he wanted it torn down. Since the painters had an order to paint it, we had to finish it. Then the carpenters had to tear it down, wet paint and all.

I was working at the field when the Japanese hit Pearl Harbor. We put on three shifts around the clock. The painters had to help pull up sand bags with a pully and rope to the roofs of all those big buildings and stack them around machine guns to protect the field; they were sure the field would be hit next.

On December 15, 1941, I moved up to the Lewis place near Paintersville. We had a small sale down home and I brought two cows, two sows, two fat meat hogs, 50 laying hens, and

Billy Roger's spotted pony. We rented a house barn and 10 acres for $20.00 per month. Harry Lewis had a sale on January 29, 1942. I bought a 1931 model Chevy coupe for $52.00 for Wade. While living there, we went to Paintersville church because during that time gas was rationed on account of World War II. The Paintersville church people were very good to us. While Thelma was in Miami Valley Hospital having an operation, they brought cooked food for the boys and I to eat, also, after she came home. I had a patch of potatoes, strawed them, had 25 bushels when I dug them up. My notes in my diary says I sold Alden Setty two bushels, Hider and Clyde two bushels, Bruns 4 bushels, Pat Murphy 4 bushels, and Zelma and Roy one bushel (at $5.00 per bushel). Mrs. Thomas of Port-William stayed with us after Thelma came home from the hospital.

A Sketch of Thelma's Operation

On September 12, 1935, Thelma went to the Mt. Carmel Hospital in Columbus, Ohio for gallstones. The surgeon was Dr. Yocum who removed 16 gallstones. Our family doctor, Dr. Brook, was present and saved the stones for her which she always saved and I still have them. We had been married 16 years, found 16 gallstones, on the 16th of September, 1935.

While Thelma was in the hospital, Nettie Ellen Setty was living with us, going to Sinking Springs School to finish her last year of high school. The day she came she was 18 years old. Her father and my mother were first cousins. She graduated in 1936 and married Howard Pucket and was blessed with five children. Nettie was having her sister, Nellie, for supper. She told my boys to show there manners. Wade was the oldest. He said not to worry, that he will keep them on the ball. All setting down to eat, Nettie sat the plate of hot biscuits on the corner of the table by Wade. He picked them up and commenced tossing one to each person, saying that was the way we alwayd did it. Nettie has never forgotten that experience, as one went in the gravy dish.

I helped get Wade's first car, a 1930 Model Ford, which I bought from Baker's used car lot for $100. I borrowed the money from O.A. Tener in Sinking Springs. We bought a new family car, a 1940 Model Chevy, from J. O. Arnold on December 15, 1939 for $760.00 with tax.

While living at the Titlo farm I traded the 1940 Chevy for a 1941 Buick at Chenoweth Auto Sales in Xenia, Ohio, on April 10, 1943. What a wreck. In a month's time I had

to have it overhauled, new rings, rods, etc. I had to put new rods in it every so often.

* * * *

Two boys were telling each other what a good shot their uncles were. The best one told was that his uncle shot a deer between the eyes. The deer turned so quick with his rear end, the bullet came out and shot his uncle.

* * * *

Henry Ford painted his first car black; the next 15,000 were black.

The Walker Family

They had 15 children who all graduated from high school in Cedarville. The year 1972, my grandaughter, Debbie Ann, was in the 1972 class when the last one was graduated. In Lana K.'s class there were a set of twins. In Sherrie Anne's class there was one. Also, the Sherrie and Lana's mother's class, one graduated. They are a negro family; some record I would say.

* * * *

Blessed is he who speaks a kindness;
Blessed, thrice, is he who repeats it.

* * * *

February 19, 1878, Thomas A. Edison was granted a patent for the phonograph.

* * * *

In 1803, Ohio was admitted to the Union.

* * * *

In 1947, auto pioneer, Henry Ford, died at the age of 83.

* * * *

In 1951, President Truman relieved General Mac-Arthur of his command in the Far East.

* * * *

In 1947, a negro played with a major league baseball team for the first time, as Jackie Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers in an exhibition game with the New York Yankees.

* * * *

In 1945, American War correspondent, Ernie Pyle, was killed during fighting on an island off Okinawa.

* * * *

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
When just the art of being kind,
Is all this sad world needs.

A chip on your shoulder is the heaviest load you'll ever carry.

Middle age is when it's later than you think, sooner than you expected.

Governor George Wallace Shot

At this very time, the TV news is reporting the shooting of Gov. Wallace on this 10th day of May, 1972. They say his condition is critical. The assailant was captured on the spot. Wallace, at this time, is the Governor of Alabama. He was campaining for deligates for U.S. President to go to the Democrat Convention to be held this summer some time.

* * * *

This June 23rd, Gov. Wallace is still living, but in a wheel chair. He probably will never walk again, but he is still in the race for delegates.

July 10, 1972, the Democratic Convention was held. Humphrey, Muskie, Wallace and others turned their del. over to McGovern, who won the nomination for the Presidency. Senator Eagleton of St. Louis won the nomination for Vice President, but due to some nervous condition in the past, decided to withdraw. McGovern now has chosen R. Sargent Shriver (his wife is a sister to the Kennedy brothers).

When the Republican Convention was held, Richard M. Nixon was nominated for president and Spiro T. Agnew for Vice President. They were elected by a large majority.

In October 1973, Spiro T. Agnew resigned from Vice Presidency for income tax evasion, etc.

Gerald Ford (house minority leader) was then appointed V.P. about the time Pres. Nixon stopped the war in Viet Nam and pulled the prisoners out of the camp. Congress started the Water Gate investigation with Senator Sam Ervin, Jr. of Morganton, N. Carolina, as chairman of the Republican Election Campaign of 1972.

On July 11, 1972, after Gov. Wallace withdrew from the race, he turned his del. over and was wheeled in on the platform and made a 15 minute speech.

Gov. Wallace causes me to think of a boy in my school by the name of Lum Wallace. Our older brothers had us fighting about every day. I was larger than he, but he was quicker. Neither one would give up until they would part us.

June 25, 1932 he commited suicide in his car between Springfield and Yellow Springs. He stopped his car and shot himself.

* * * *

I never gave them hell, I just told them the truth and they thought it was Hell. (Harry Truman)

Some Dates of Deaths

Mary Louise Childers died in General Hospital in Cincinnati on October 21, 1921.

James Arnold Childers died October 21, 1920 from an accident while painting a roof at Kings Flat. He fell about 30 feet, landed on his hands, his wrist bones protruded into the ground; he lived 38 hours after he fell.

On November 26, 1920 we lost our first baby, Harold Byron, 8 1/2 lbs. He was born in our home with Dr. Mac Nulty who had no help. He died being born, the Dr., being in his decling years. There were no hospitals then.

Thelma's Aunt Effie died in Cincinnati on December 21, 1922.

My Great Uncle Noah W. Charles died March 24, 1921.

On May 1, 1921, a boyhood friend of ours, Floyd W. Yankey,was shot by mistake while he was asleep in his brother's bed by his brother Clarence's father-in-law. He thought he was shooting his son-in-law, Clarence. (Hope you understand)

* * * *

I will change the thoughts for this story. Three men were waiting in a waiting maternity room to hear from their wives who were to have babies. A nurse came in and asked who was Mr. Green. I am, said the first man. Your wife had twins. Oh, I work for the Double Bubble Chewing Gum Company he said. The second time the nurse came in and said who is Mr. Brown. I am, said the second man. Your wife had triplets. Oh, I work for the Triple A. They heard a thump on the floor. The third man had fallen off his chair; he worked for the 7-up Pop Company.

One time in the 1950's in Florida, I was completely lost. Thelma and I were on our way from church in Orlando, back to our apartment. We stopped at Morrisons Resturant to eat. After eating we came out to the car. I decided I should of used the restroom. I looked up the street and saw a gas station but it was closed. We went on to another one and it was closed. Finally we found one

Just Finished Painting Sign
New Church, Springfield, Ohio
1972 - M. C. C.

Builders of New Church
Carlos, Geneva, Ward and Vivian Smiths
1971, Springfield Branch

open. When I came out I turned the wrong way. I walked and walked and finally asked someone where Morrisons was. They told me I was about eight blocks from there. When I arrived back I thought Thelma had turned the car around. She was really worried. She always liked to tell that on me.

New Springfield Church

In a Saints Herald, December 1970, an article of the Smith Brothers Church Builders, giving an account of them building churches all over the country for the L.D.S. churches, and remodeling for R.L.D.S. congregations. Our committee contacted them in Louisville, Kentucky just finishing up one there. They agreed to build our's in Spingfield.

Moving there house trailers, tools, and equipment on the building lot early in 1971, but due to blue prints, permits, and this and that, it was delayed until August 18, 1971 when they got started. On October 24, 1971 we had our first service. It was just enclosed and we used lawn chairs with a carry in lunch. The first sermon was preached by High Priest Carlos Smith, Sr., and his wife was Geneva. High Priest Ward Smith was his younger brother. His wife's name was Vivian. We had wonderful help from the branch men and women. We enjoyed working with them and loved them very much. I was sorry to see them leave in February 1972. They were great help in our services.

I, being semi-retired at the age of 73, did all the painting and staining inside and out. I furnished all paints and materials and will always be thankful to God for the added strength He gave me.

If I give, I give nothing,
If I must take, I take nothing,
But, if we walk together, side-by-side, we may share everything.

A smile on your face is a sign your heart is like the light in the window of your home.
I will make him my friend and destroy him as an enemy.

The first road in Ohio was authorized a state road by Congress in May 1796 -- State Route 41.

The first railroad was from Portsmouth to Cincinnati and was completed in 1886. In 1886, Peebles was organized as a village.

The best part of streaking is, if they pick you up they can't pin anything on you. (Thought you would understand)

Thoughts on Life

Another year is ending and I'll soon be 76. I have had a thought of getting old but not rich. There is an old quotation that people often say - "It isn't the years you have lived, it's how you feel today."

If I have pains that I won't rehearse,
But have the grace to listen to ones whose aches are worse.

The same prayer reads, "I ask, oh Lord, as older I do grow,
Help me keep friends that I now have and keep those I love and know,
But this is quite impossible if one lives on and on.
For nature takes its toll each year and one by one they're gone.
The saying that I like the best is one we all should heed,
It sums it up so sensible and this is how it reads.
Do not complain of getting old, a privilege granted you,
It is denied to many, and given just a few.
We are a captive audience to druggists and MDs,
They keep us alive and kicking and on the Dr. fees.
Our midicare gives us a break and fortunate are we,
In mail, on third of every month, we get security.
You see, my thoughts on getting old go round and round,
We can't do much about it, but this seems quite profound.
Try to extract from this old world the things that you find fun,
And pray that you go quietly, alas, when life is done.

* * * *

By M. C. Charles, September 28, 1974

How many of you knew of the canal down through Ohio to Cincinnati, where the boats were pulled with horses from the banks?

Do you remember when you could get a square meal for 35¢ or 40¢ and a cup of coffee for 5¢? I have, many times, in Oakwood and Dayton (while painting there in 1939). I have heard of coffee in places being 60¢ and 70¢ per cup now days.

You could buy a good pocket knife for 25¢. Now, the same knife is $6.95. Give me the "good old days" any time. We didn't get rich, but we didn't have all this killing worry that we have today. (Just a little reminiscence)

Locust Year 1974

About the last week in May I was down at the cemetary where my wife is buried. After cleaning the grave, I was setting there, deep in meditation. I could hear a faint whirling sound, a sound nard to describe. It was somewhere between a hum and a buzz, yet with a musical note as if thousands of insects were in flight far overhead. The sound then seemed to become louder. You could not even locate the direction from which it came. It was an unnatural sound and made one think of old movies where insects were invading the earth and destroying everything before them.

Well, the thought is not as far-fetched as it sounds, for thousands, or even millions of insects were actually invading our world and causing no small amount of damage. They came, not from outer space, but from below the surface of our world.

Yes, this is the year of the 17-year locust in this area. The insect should more properly be called the Cicada, the locust really being species of the grasshopper family. After waiting several feet beneath the ground for 17 years, they are emerging as a new form of life. They are now a winged insect, an inch and a half long, black body, clear amber colored wings and protruding red eyes. Their only purpose in life now is to mate and lay eggs for future generations to come. The egg laying is done, of course, by the female who, with her saw-like appendage, slits the bark on the underside of small twigs and in these slots lays her eggs. When these eggs hatch, the tiny insects drop to the ground and begin to burrow. Many times, the twigs of the trees die and fall to the ground causing much trouble, especially to young fruit trees. These insects are now deep within the ground, changing skins several times as they become larger. With their sharp beaks, they penetrate the roots of trees, drinking the juice, which is their sole source of food.

William and Ella Roberts Family

Ella and my mother were first cousins. They had a large family, twelve girls and two boys. Back when we were all at home, we were neighbors. With six in our family, there were 20 children and 4 parents, making 24. Would you believe we visited on Sunday dinners with each other, with eats never to be forgotten, such as smoked ham, or four or five chickens and new sweet potatoes and everything

else, like homemade bread, pies, and cakes. To this date, January 26, 1975, I can name them and how many are living: (oldest to youngest)

Lulu (Riley) Springer - died November 1974
Vergie (Armstrong) (Corwin)
Bessie (Williams) - dead
Bonnie (Rhoads)
Emma (Hasting)
Forest Roberts
Mettie (Hiser) Glenn
Mary (Gall)
Alta (White) Floyd
Opal (Thompson)
Ada (Douglas) Carl
Hazel (Shoemaker)
Mabel (Willimson) died January 11, 1975
Elmont Roberts

Reminiscing

Count your age by friends, not years,
Count your life by smiles, not tears.

Women's faults are many, men have only two,
Everything they say and everything they do.

Do any of you remember the collapse of the New York stock market in 1929, setting off the worst financial catastrophe in U.S. history? Or do you remember the Tea Pot Dome scandal, started on October 25, 1923? Sounds a little like Water-Gate doesn't it?

Did you know Maryland's state house is the oldest and still in continuous use? In it George Washington resigned as commander in chief of the Continental Army. From November 26, 1783 to August 13, 1784 it was the U.S. Capitol.

How about the panic we had in 1938 when Orson Welles broadcast an invasion from Mars. Some almost lost their minds over it.

The leaves are now helpless to hold on any longer and it reminds us that we too are dropping off and going down the valley one by one. But, that good old song reminds us "that a tender hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is going down the valley with us all," that is if we have put our hand in God's hand through salvation by the blood of Christ.

We went to the country and old wood lot
Where wild birds live and dead trees rot,
To bury some bulbs along the fence
Now lined with leaves all drifted and dense.
Throughout the winter all silent as death
Because we're anxious to be knowing
When golden Jonquils start their growing.

November 15, 1974 - My companion has been gone 12 years today. I still miss her very much, POP Charles.

I am trying to live by the will of God and never do anything without asking God's help. Try it - it pays.

A True Story

In the last few years I have been gathering up old newspapers and selling them, proceeds going to the Camp-Bountiful fund to finish the camp. Back some time ago I removed my spare tire, loaded a load of papers, took them down to the junk yard, was weighted up. I started to unload and while doing so a couple of boys who seemed to be in a hurry to unload in back of me wanted to unload my load for me, which I let them do. (that was in the morning) I came home, washed my car, ate my dinner, went back down to the garage to put the spare tire back. I discovered the boys that unloaded for me had thrown out a box of old sheet music (back in the 1920's and 1930's) that belonged to by wife which I kept in the car for safety. There was about 200 pieces valued by an antique dealer at one dollar each.

The box was a flat shirt box with a rubber band around it. I thought I would go back down but knowing it had been about four hours I knew that finding them would be one chance out of a hundred. I went back down, praying that I would find them. I went in the office and told the boss my story. He said, Man, there's no chance. They have baled 15 or 20 bales since you were here this morning, but go ahead and look. I said my last prayer and walked back. I started to tell the workers about it. I looked over and saw them where they had been pushed over to one side. This is a story to show you why I believe in prayer.

* * * *

Advice of John Crabb: I have a vision of seeing a Russian coming and burning my library of books. Therefore, we should study and have the knowledge of this work.

A flower must grow and develop and die in order to grow again.

This is Sunday, November 17, 1974. Winter is here; cold and snowy.

M. C. Charles
Box 312, A-90 Columbus Pike
Cedarville, Ohio 43314

The Water-Gate Scandal

On this second day of March 1974, after 20 months of the Water-Gate Scandal, the commontators reported today that seven had been indicted in the scandal for Nixon's campaign in 1972, etc. Also, they keep talking of impeachment of President Nixon.

All the rioting and demonstrating to get the Viet Nam War over and get the boys home and out of those camps took some for 15 years (which President Nixon and Henry A. Kissinger did).

At that time is when the Water-Gate Scandal started. Congress has tried all 20 months to prove Nixon guilty; until they do, I am for him, as I cannot forget that quick.

While this scandal was going on, the country has gotten in bad shape, gas shortage, etc. The speed limit today was cut down to 55 miles per hour with a fine of $50.00 for first offense, $100 for second offense, and $300 for third offense.

March 20, 1974 - more gas is coming in, but still short by 15 percent.

Things I wonder about:

Why, unless it is to do away with the two-party system by destroying the Rupublican Party (and ultimately the country) is President Nixon being unmercifully crucified?

Why, now when campaigning favors, etc. have long been an ugly part of politics and past presidencies, are the news media, certain members of congress, and others, so determined to utterly discredit our president? Are we being set up, or who can say that these recent happenings are not a part of an overall plot to finish running our economy, and thereby make us easy prey for a dictatorship or cummunist takeover?

You say it can't happen here? Didn't they brag that they would take us without firing a shot?

Well, on this August 9, 1974, my man gave up. Nixon turns presidential reins over to "Ford." Transition is slated to be carried out at noon (Friday).

Cedarville Coffe Club

Late in 1969 a few of us old retirees and friends met with Mr. Ralph Sphar at the Wagon Wheel Resturant on Main and Columbus Pike. We sort of formed a coffe club. At that time Mr. Sphar was 94 years old, a retired farmer, and Greene County Commissioner. Very sharp on about all subjects, a very good conversationalist.

In December 1969 when the Wagon Wheel was sold, we commenced meeting down at the village resturant which Pidge Rupert owned and operated.

Those who attended through the years were: Wilber Lemons, who was the first one of club to pass away sometime in 1969; other deceased are Sammy Lemaster, March 24, 1969, Harvey Bailey, December 24, 1970, and Ralph Ferguson, May 23, 1973, and Robert McGregar, March 11, 1973. Others in the group are: Ian Bisset, born August 29, 1905, Joe Cloren, born January 19, 1913, Nelson Cresswell, born June 24, 1905, Walter Cumming, born April 14, 1905, Paul (Buss) Cumming, born May 28, 1909, Pierce Combs, born January 29, 1909, M. C. Charles, born October 2, 1898, John Davis, born July 29, 1903, Rev. Godby (Church of God), born March 21, 1928, Roy Hampton, born May 26, 1928, Harvey Hammon, born August 4, 1900, Jack Huffman, born August 4, 1923, Charles Hanes (have no date of birth; nut man), Rankin McMillen, born November 16, 1911, Ralph Neiffer, born June 18, 1915, Howard Paxton, born March 9, 1908, David Reynolds, born September 16, 1905, Rev. Zion Robbins, born April 10, 1904, Herman Randal, born June 7, 1917, Ralph Sphar, born August 28, 1875, Raymond Spracklin, born June 18, 1892, Sam (Lee) White, born June 14, 1910, Carroll Vaughn, born October 5, 1927, and Keith Sharden, born August 24, 1938.

I am writing this on February 24, 1974. Mr. Sphar will be 99 years old on August 28, 1974. He is very active, walks two blocks every morning to meet the club.

At the club one morning we were looking at each other's pocket knives. My old Barlow came up missing. No one seemed to know who had it. In about two months Harry Hammond handed it to me and said Pierce Combs handed it to

him. I think Harry had it all the time (we had a lot of fun).

Experience with Homing Pigeons

On August 14, 1949 my wife and I came home from Kirtland Temple, near Cleveland, Ohio, where we had spent the week at the reunion. We stayed with a brother and sister of our faith who had homing pigeons (I have forgotten their names). He asked us to bring some home with us and turn them loose. The next day we turned them loose. There were five of them, two old ones and three young ones. The old ones had five hundred miles experience. The young ones had no experience which he wanted to train. We turned them loose at 7:30 a.m. They made one circle above our house and took off northeast. In a few days we had a letter from him stating the two old ones arrived home at 4 p.m., two of the young ones one hour later, and the last young one came in the next day at noon. The mileage was about 300 miles by car. I thought that was very interesting.

On March 9, 1974, I was in the cemetary where my wife is buried doing some cleaning up. I sat down to rest. My attention was attracted to a number of cardinals. I began to count them. In they came, more and more, the brilliant red of the birds mingled with the white of the falling snow which had started to fall. It was a picture that should have been captured by the movie camera. I did my best to count as they swarmed in 20, 30, 35, and finally 41. Yes, I counted 41 cardinals and even then I believe the count could have been conservative. I saw red alright, the red of beautiful birds as they swarmed through the snow or perched on the tree limbs like glowing red ornaments of a Christmas tree. It was really something.

All I can say about day-light savings time is that it makes me tired an hour earlier.

So often the guy who is behind in his work is ahead in his coffee break.

One reason you can't take it with you is because its usually gone before you are.

Do You Remember When?

The great ship "Titanic" that the builders said was unsinkable but when it hit that submerged iceberg, it went to the bottom of the ocean.

It was the ship's maden voyage and the crowd was having a jubilant time with the band playing gay tunes and the people dancing because they had been told that nothing could happen to a ship built like that one. But, suddenly their joy was turned to weeping and mourning as they saw the water coming over the ship. The band almost suddenly changed their music to "Near My God to Thee", but 1600 of the 2300 went down with the ship. This happened on April 14, 1912 at 11:40 p.m. They had forgotten to keep the "Sabbath Day Holy" and people today that break that commandment of God are just as surely sinking into Hell. Too many people today imagine they have to sell on Sunday when it is so unnecessary for they are only hastening the perilous times that the Bible warns us of. People can't fight God and it is foolish to try it.

By some records I have a sales made by Henry Burton, who ran the old flour mill in Sinking Springs where the L.D.S church stands, back in 1895, which sounds rather odd in our day. On their bill heads, they advertise corn meal and ship stuff. I imagine that is what we use to call middling. Also, they advertise two barrels of flour for $8.80. Wouldn't that be a bargain today. One bushel of mean for 40¢. I also notice stick candy at 7 1/2¢ per pound and bologna for 6¢ a pound. Coal was 8¢ per pound.

I got to wondering if our young people today heard a farmer saying, "Gee and Haw" to a horse, if they would think him crazy? In my young days, a good single line horse would turn right at Gee and left at Haw. It took some patience to train them but they were valuable on a farm because lots of farming was done with one horse.

If any of you remember when the penny post cards and the two cent letter stamps were here, you have been here a long while.

Autumn has Come

Well, Autumn has come, the saddest season of the year, of wailing winds and naked woods and meadoweeds brown and sear. Some of the trees have shed nearly all their leaves. The buckeye, one of the first to leaf out in the Spring, is the first to loose their leaves in the autumn days. The Buckeye, as we all know, is our state tree and Ohio is nicknamed the buckeye state after this tree, but could we have picked a better tree?

The Buckeye is really not a very valuable tree as far as lumber is concerned and the fruit is not edible. The bloom is quite an attraction to bees and well, it's just a nice tree. Why is it called Buckeye? That's a good question and I have heard two versions as to the correct answer. One is the brown fruit reminds one of the eye of the deer, hence, eye of the buck, or buck-eye. Another version is an Indian word meaning "no-good-nut". That can also apply as the fruit is not good to eat. So, which is right or is there really yet another answer? (1974)

Do you remember when the funeral directors used to put those big card board fans in all the churches?

Do you remember the big bustles the women wore and how about those reunions we always look forward to with all those good eats from the boot of the buggy or surry, like the Gall reunion or Seamon, Porter, Garman. The most prominent ones in the teens and twenties.

Do you remember 20 mule team borax? How many of you ever made paper camp lighters? Did you ever drink Penneyroyal tea or catnip tea? Let's name a few old time entertainers like Kate Smith, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, Andy Devine, Judy Canova, Jerry Colona, Dorthy Lamour, Monte Wooley, Red Skelton, and Joe E. Brown; just being a few of them.

Do you remember the old swing foot bridges we used to catch a girl in the middle and then swing it and hear her scream?

Gov. Lausche Visited Cedarville

Labor Day, September 3, 1945, the Cedarville Progressive Club was honored at a bean dinner by our Governor Lausche of Ohio.

In the time of the club, we always celebrated on Labor Day in honor of Sen. Kyle who while in the senate passed a bill in 1894 making Labor Day a national holiday. At this time I was secretary of treasure of the club.

Womenless Wedding by Lions

Back in the good ole entertainment days, before we had TV, (I am thinking of the late 1940s) in Cedarville, lemonade on the front porch, maybe homemade ice cream for a picnic at the park and no racing on the interstate. Or a fight for a place to plug in your house trailer, was when our club had the Womenless Wedding. In the old antique

opera house, put on by a very capable women who came to town and took over our man club, and put on a show that filled the house two nights. I shall never forget it. Harry Hammond and I was dressed like two beautiful little girls, with curled wigs and little false braids. Were we ever cute!

The lady gave Walt Cummings a reading in practice. He changed it to read sort of smuty. She told him he could not read it that way on the final night, so on the final night he read it like he had read it in practice. The crowd went wild. He stole the show. A certain women in the crowd was supposed to of said they would not buy another Chevy off of Walt, as they usually bought a new car every year or two. Anyway, they continued to buy their car from him.

After the show we all went down to the Old Mill Resturant for coffe and lunch. One of the Cumming boys had a water pistol. We passed it around under the table to one another and first thing you knew, we would get our face full of water. What a time we had. Of course, some of them had some cheer water.

The lady that put on the show said she was to go to Hazzard, Kentucky from here. Harry Hammond told her they would cut her throat there. She postponed her show there.

Some Old Memories

I am sitting here in my apartment, watching the inauguration of Pres. Nixon's second term of president of the USA. (January 30, 1973)

On January 11, 1973, I attended for funeral of one of my old girlfriends who passed away in Cincinnati. All through the years, we have been friendly and socially. She was the friend I have written about in previous memories, Bessie E. (Stultz) Thorman. Her husband was William Thorman. She was 26 days younger than me. I was born October 2, 1898 and she was born October 28, 1898. She was buried in Pleasant Hill Cemetary, Sinking Spring, Ohio.

A Very Touching Experience

On March 17, 1973, at our coffee club, I was speaking of going to Florida in a few days. Robert McGreger, of our club, who had cancer of his throat. He had many operations for it and was to have another one; chances were slim that he would make it, but if he did he would have two holes in his neck to breath through and would not be able to talk.

He had decided not to go through with the operation. He was telling us of picking out his burial lot in North Cemetary. He started to walk out, turned around and came back to me and took out a beautiful pen pnife and handed it to me. I said what is that for? He said it was a keepsake and he wanted to give it to me, because he probably wouldn't be around when I got back from Florida. He said that the boys had given me a hard time hiding my knife around and that he would give me this one.

He was gone when I got back on March 11, 1973. He took his own life while his wife went to church. He sat on the garage step, put a shot gun in his mouth and ended it all. I think he knew what he was going to do when he gave me his knife.

* * * * * * * * *

September 8, 1971 at Hillsboro Fair, I was watching a tractor pulling contest. One rared up and broke into the middle.

The Death of Uncle Dan Setty

Uncle Dan Setty, who was my mother's only brother, was killed by his son-in-law, Frank Case, on June 25, 1937. He was at our home on that day for lunch, not knowing it was his fatal day. Aunt Sena had passed away a few years before this. This evening after he went home, he took the Rhoads ladies, May and Kate, down to the Dunkard Church at Strait Creek. Frank Case came there, called my uncle out, told him he had his little boy in the truck and would go back to the house and wait until my uncle came home from church.

Well, in the years gone by, Frank had borrowed money off Uncle Dan which Frank had quit making payments on. This of course caused hard feelings between them.

After Zora, Uncle Dan's daughter, died, Frank had remarried and lived up by Hillsboro. He had shot his present wife that evening coming on to get my uncle also.

It turned out his little boy was not with him at all. Uncle Dan stopped in front of his home leaving the ladies in the car, not expecting any trouble. I guess just as he stepped in the hall, Frank commenced to shooting him about five times, then beat his head with the handle of his gun. Then ran out and made the women get out of Uncle Dan's car, took it and went down 124 in Pike County, in the direction of Portsmouth. The women had seen it all

take place, but was helpless to do anything as he might shoot them, as he acted like a crazy man. The patrolmen found the car along the Scioto bottoms this side of Portsmouth, Ohio. They found him in a corn field, gave himself up, turned his gun over to them. The court had a trial on each case and was sentenced to prison for life, without pardon. After serving about 20 years he was made a trusty, as he was a good electrician. Anyway, he was at the Lebanon Pen and walked away and wasn't found for about 12 years. He was found in a southern state, I have forgotten what state it was. He had remarried to a woman and was working as an electrician. This lady had a nice home and they seemed to be living a happy life by an assumed name. He had over three thousand dollars in his checking acount when he was found. His wife claimed she never knew anything of his previous life, but said they had a good marriage.

After they took him back, he died a few years later. The state officials contacted all his children, none of them would accept his body. They called this wife and she accepted his body and buried him on her family lot.

This is the highlights of my Uncle Dan Setty's death. Why he had to die like that I guess I will never know. He and Aunt Senia was the greatest Christians I ever knew, which had a great influence over my life. They would read a scripture before the meal, etc.

They have a son living in Florida which we visit occasionally through the years. He is near my age. We were always good buddies.

* * * * *

Did you know that Canada is the world's second largest country with an area of 3,851 square miles? Russia, of course, is the largest.

* * * * *

On April 4, 1941 at West Union, we went to pay taxes. Wendell went along and got his driving permit but I didn't have any account of him ever getting his driver's license, but I am sure he did.

On Friday night, October 3, 1941, he and Bill Shanks were to go to Hillsboro and was going by the way of Rainsboro, when they came to the Concrete House. He failed to make the turn to Hillsboro and went into the fence, smashed the bumper and radiator back on the engine. We were out of a

car for a week. On the 9th, Merle, Thelma and I borrowed Howard Pucket's Ford and went after it.

I remember when Wade had the family car and came home with the windshield smashed. He said an owl hit it. So when Sufferns garage was putting it in with a new one, he said it had been hit from in-side. His girl had her head bumped next day at school; he finally admitted to hitting a bank.

Cyclone Hit Xenia and Cedarville

April 3, 1974, the radio and TV were announcing a cyclone coming from the south and for everyone to take cover. It became very dark and commenced to rain and lights went out. I went to my kitchen door looking up west in the direction of the college. I could see the big twisters coming down with all the birds and debris rolling up as it was hitting the earth. I put my weight against the door and kept watching as I must have been so stunned, I didn't take cover. After it slacked raining Ralph Neiffer across the street motioned for me. We went out the way, by Baldwins Orchard. Bill's new brick house was torn to pieces and all the other houses and barns were down and some gone. Ralph had his chain saw in his car and he and some other fellows commenced to cutting trees off the road so the ambulance could get through.

What a night. It will not be forgotten by those who went through it in this community.

My good friend and plummer, Loyd Scott, out on Rt. 72, had some beautiful ponies. It tore their house and barn down. The ponies were in the basement barn. One of the prettiest ones was taken out and landed about 200 feet down in a field with a two by four ran through her body bleeding to death.

Another sad story was in Xenia. A couple was engaged to be married after they graduated this June. She was working at a resturant in town and he was at his home when the cyclone hit Xenia. He could see that part of town was hit. He ran across town and was the one that found her dead.

Paul Wiscup, who lives on my street, son Paul Jr. and his wife and baby were killed and their house torn down. They were buried yesterday. All three in one grave. The parents side by side, the baby cross ways above there heads. I think this boy was my paperboy once. They grow

IRBY MUNDY

By Winifred M. Milner

up so fast we can't keep track of them. He was also in my grandaughter's, Sherrie's, history class in 1965.

Cowboy - Irby Mundy

I have a past experience I would like to share with you which I treasure very highly about a man by the name of "Urby Mundy." He was an Indian Cowboy. O.M. Hooten had met at the world's conference in 1949. When we first saw him in the crowd I said there must be Big-Chief-Rain-in-the-Face. He wore his big steteson hat, cowboy suit, boots everyday; same outfit, with a large silver belt buckle which he had won in 1934 as the world's champion calf roper.

The Hootens and us went to World conferences together about seven times. Each one sharing our car every two years. Our cowboy friend was always there. We became close friends. I loved to hear him tell of his experiences he had through his life of rodeo work. His father was the first sheriff of Childress County, Texas. His family lived in the same building the jail was in and that was where he was born. He would say he was born in a jail, but never been in one since.

For 31 years he was cowboy friends to all the greats, like Roy Rogers, Hugh Bennitt, Casey Tibbs, Jim Shoulders, Ike Rubie, Bob Crosby and other greats of the rodeo circuit. As a professional, he rode in all the big rodeos, New York Madison Square Garden, Cagary Exhibition, Stampede in Alberta, Canada (frontier days). He rode every large city in the United States.

He is proud of his professional days. "It's been a good life, a great life. I've made a lot of friends all over the world."

Yet, perhaps, his church life has made him a greater one for it is the church fellowship that has softened the rough edges he claimes to have. He loves people and he has proved his love by serving them in his declining years by using his large fortune he made in rodeos for shoes and bread for the needy and sometimes some not so needy.

The "Stepping Stone" magazine carried a story about how Irby happened to become a member of the R.L.D.S. church.

Many years ago, back in the little town called Utleyville, Colorado, Irby Munday and his wife Jewel were considered the best dancers in the country. There wasn't much to do

for entertainment in those early days in small communities. On Saturday nights they would ride several miles to a dance and dance until sun up on Sunday morning. They did this almost every week.

One time, however, a severe snow storm came. The snow was so deep that nobody could go anywhere, so the Mundy family, Urby's father, mother, wife, Jewel, daughter, Dorthy, Nell, and Urby decided to go listen to A.R.L.D.S. Missionary preach in a little half dug out school house, by the name of J. D. Curtis. They listened to him eighteen nights in a row. "What appealed to me," says Urby, "was that this preacher didn't ask for anyone to come up front. I wonder how he got into this church anyway." Finally, at the close of the services the minister gave an invitation to stand to those who were interested in being baptized. Irby's father, mother, wife and little daughter, Nell, all stood and almost without knowing hot I did it, I stood up too. We were all baptized the same day, February 23, 1923. This was the best thing I ever did in my life. (He says) Brother Curtis baptized all the converts in a stalk tank of water. With a pause, he adds, I had lots of bad habits I had wanted to give up because of my little girl growing up. After I was baptized, they were easier to give up. He have a modest smile, but of course, I'm still not good. One year after he came in to the church, he was ordained to the office of deacon.

The last account I had of him was in the Saints Herald. It reads: Urby Mundy sits in Life-Care-Rest-Home, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1973, waiting his last ride into the Great-Blue-Wide-Yonder. (I have been told he passed on in 1974.)

Passing of My Companion

I would like to describe the passing of my companion and mother of our four boys.

We had a very happy married life, for 43 years. We enjoyed our boys growing up, then their marriages and families, our grandchildren which she adored. I only wish she could have lived to enjoy them longer. She had poor health for years and I believe by her being a great reader and thinker of ways to doctor herself, going to different doctors, being administered to by the elders of the church, did prolong her life many years.

She had a very outstanding memory, such as birthdays. Any birthday she ever heard, she remembered it. Also,

phone and license numbers. She had a very brilliant mind. Her illness was her heart, sugar diabetes, hardening of the arteries, and complications.

On November 1, 1962, I took her down to Greene Memorial Hospital. She was under oxygen for 15 days. She would say if she didn't get well she didn't suffer any pain, if she got well, then she had a good rest.

On November 15, I had a call from a nurse from the hsopital saying my wife wanted me to come down this morning because she wanted to see me. When I walked in her room she lifted up the oxygen tent and said she was going to die this morning and she wanted me to be there. But she didn't want me to actually see her die. As you known, I saw brother James die but I have assurance I can die easier. You know I am ready to go. Please kiss me good-bye she said. I kissed her and tried to tell her she might be ready, but I couldn't believe anyone can plan to die that way. She seemed not to hear me and turned her head and quit breathing, just like that.

A couple of nurses and doctors came in and asked what was wrong. They commenced to try to bring her too but could not revive her by massaging her heart and a long needle shot to her heart with no results. She was gone to her maker and her reward. In her casket she had a beautiful and peaceful smile on her face. I shall never forget.

My Housekeeper, Verna Taylor

While Thelma was in the hospital, Grandma Taylor, as about all the family called her, and she was the great-grandmother of two of my grandaughters, Sherrie and Lana. Their mother was Ethabell (Taylor), Wendell's first wife, who lost her life in an auto wreck when the girls were small. After Thelma passed away, Grandma continued to keep house for me for 18 months, leaving June 3, 1964 to keep house for Charley and Paul Townsley, as she had promised their mother if and when she passed away she would come and keep house for them. Did I ever miss her cooking and good pies. That is when I commenced to cook and keep house for myself and look after the college boys. By that time, I had a lady friend and was gone about every night. The boys almost tore the place down, so I gave up keeping the boys.

M. C. Charles and Donna Boyer
1965

The lady friend was Donna Gordon Boyer, ex-wife of W.W. Boyer, who at one time was Superintendent of Cedarville schools. They lived in sight of our home. Donna had a beauty parlor and she and Thelma were good friends. Donna was Thelma's favorite hairdresser.

Donna and I have dated for 11 years this March 30, 1975. We have enjoyed each others company and have traveled some. First long trip was to the World's Conference of our church at Independence, Missouri. We started on April 15, 1966 catching up with Wendell going through Indianapolis, trailed them on to the auditorium. Just about daylight we had our rooms engaged, but was too early to get the people up, so we walked in the auditorium. The organist was practicing on the second largest organ in the world. After riding all night it was the most sweetest music I ever enjoyed in the big empty auditorium which seats 6,000 people.

We were there one weekend and attended services every day and night. Brother and sister Hooten roomed at the same place, Mr. and Mrs. John Handcock.

Trip to Denver, Colorado

After Donna and I spent the week at the conference we decided to go on to Denver to visit her aunt Catherine Trout. We left Independence at 3:30 a.m. and arrived at 3:30 p.m., 625 miles in 12 hours, using 40 gallons of gas (about 15 miles to the gallon).

On the next day Donna's aunt Catherine and her cousin, Dortha, took us on a tour of the mountains. What a beautiful sight in the Rockys; my first.

The second day we left for the mountains again, to the Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, at the foot hills of Pikes Peak, and Bolder, also the Shrine of the Sun Memorial of Will Rogers, who lost his life in a plane wreck, while in the 77th Infantry Division-10 Army, on April 18, 1945.

The third day we went up Thompson's Canyon in Estes Park. We ate delicious mountain trout, visited Buffalo Bill's grave and the face on the bar room floor is associated with a poem I shall write on another page later. We had a wonderful time. Never treated so nice in my life. In the three days of the mountains Dortha must have driven 500 miles.

On the fifth day we started home at 4:00 a.m. Aunt Catherine got up and had breakfast ready. On our way, a couple hours before day break, Donna was driving and we had been watching a light in the sky that looked peculiar. I then dropped off to sleep.

All at once she stopped and started to get out to get some orange juice out of the back. Her ankle turned and she fell and when she started to get up the door started to come too. She came up under it and hit her eye and broke her glasses. The car was also moving. I woke up and put the brake on. She continued driving until day break. When we stopped at a resturant I could see how bad she was hurt. Her knees were all skinned up and her eye was getting black. What a sight. I then drove the rest of the day. We stayed over night at the Edith Lewis home in Independence. We went on home the next day. We had a real nice trip; hope you liked the story.

Black Cat, Bad Luck

On July 31, 1965, a Saturday, Donna and I decided to take her grandson, Randy, and my grandson, Bobbie, with us down to Sinking Spring to visit by brother; C.O. Charles. As we neared Jamestown, a black cat ran across the road to the left. I mentioned that it was bad luck. Going on down Route 72, nearing Hillsboro, Randy became car-sick and threw up all over Donna's car and seat. We were near a road side park and I happened to have a clean paint bucket and rags in the rear of the car. We cleaned up as good as we could. Then we went on in to Hillsboro to my Aunt Etta's countryman home. Donna borrowed a clean dress of her's to wear the remaining of the trip.

Arriving at my brother's, he and I and the boys were out by the barn getting some apples. Coming in the back way, we ran on to C.O.'s old german police dog which had no use for kids. C.O. fed him and told the boys to say away from him while he was eating. We went into the house and just sat down when we heard Bobbie yelling for us. When we went out there, Bobbie was holding Randy with blood all over them. Bob was about 8 years old and Randy was 4. Randy liked dogs so well he broke loose and up to the dog he went. The old dog jumped on Randy and his sharp toe nails had cut from the back of his head to his forehead, about 9 inches long, and so deep you could see his scull. Donna found a couple of towels and put a wet one on, then a dry one on and held him on her lap. We called for a doctor. There was none in Sinking Spring, so we thought

we could make it to Greenfield before he bled too much. By the time we arrived there it seemed to have stopped bleeding, so we went on to Washington Court House to the hospital. We called his parents and they came and a surgeon sewed it up with 19 stitches.

What a day of bad luck, with the black cat crossing the road ahead of us. So, take notice, if it happens to you, turn around and go another way.

A Letter from Grand-Daughter, Linda

Sunday
August 17, 1969

Hi Pop and Donna,

Well, I've been gone four weeks now. It seems like a long time away from home, but I'm having so much fun and learning a lot. We had a nine day voyage across the Atlantic and landed in England. We spent about five days in London, sailed across the channel, crossed Belguim by train and arrived in Holland. We were in Rotterdam Hall for five days. The Dutch people are just wonderful. They couldn't do enought for us.

We then went to spend four days in Paris. It is a beautiful city if you can look beyond the dirt and filth. Everything is very expensive too. Yesterday we left France and took a ten hour train ride here to Switzerland. I just love it here in Lucerne. We are staying in a Chalet type ski lodge. Our rooms are like hotel rooms, each having a balcony overlooking Lake Lucerne and the snow capped Alps. It's too good to be true.

The shopping has been great. Their prices here in Europe are so reasonable. The American dollar goes a long ways. The only trouble is that the more I buy, the heavier my luggage gets. When I left home, the airport weighed it at 50 pounds. By now it must be at least 70 pounds. I'll be muscle-bound by the time I get home.

They feed us very well too. I've tried lots of new and very good food. Last night for dinner we had venison, which I had never tasted before. It was delicious. We've also had to drink a lot of wine, since they don't give anyone water to drink. It's hard to get through a meal with only a glass of wine to drink.

It's been a great trip so far. Saturday, August 23, we leave for Rome and start home August 31. We fly from New York to Dayton on September 31. I'm sure the next two weeks will go very fast and I'll be home before I know it. So, I'm really enjoying myself while I can. Will see you real soon.

Love,
Linda

"Church Trip West"

June 7, 8 and 9, 1963, I was taking two of my granddaughters, Sherrie and Lana, and a young people's group of the church, on a tour of nine cars to the Carthage Jail in Navou, Illinois. There were 53 people in all, driving 487 miles one way. We visited the jail where Joseph Smith and brother Hiram were killed by a mob. We also visited Keokuk Dam and watched a ship go through the locks.

I remember Sam Cummings had in his car and care of the Askley twin boys of Cincinnati.

We had a wiener roast one evening near the original home of Joseph Smith in Navou, Illinois. After the wiener roast, the young people had a prayer service. "I treasure that trip" and I shall never forget it.

Pop Charles

Mother Shipton's Prophecy
(Written Over 500 Years Ago)

Carriages without horses will go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.

Around the earth thousands will fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.

The world upside down shall be
And gold found at the root of a tree.

Through the hills men shall ride,
And no horses be at their side.

Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.

In the air men shall be seen,
In black, in white, in green.

Iron in water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found and shown,
In a land that is now unknown.

Fire and water shall wonder do,
England shall at last admit a foe.

The world to an end shall come,
In Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-One.

"Face on the Bar Room Floor"

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's Bar Room on the corner of the square.
As songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.
"Give me a drink, that's what I want,
I'm out of funds you know."
When I had cash to treat the crowd this hand was never slow
You laugh as though this pocket had never held a sou.
I once was fixed as well my boys as any one of you,
I was a painter, not one that daubed on bricks and wood.
But an artist, and at my age, was rated pretty good.
An then I met a woman, now comes the funny part,
With eyes that petrified my brain and sank into my heart.
I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May,
Of a fair haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way.
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.
It took her not long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend, he stole my darling and I was left alone.
Give me that piece of chalk that marks the basebass scores,
And you will see the lovely Madeline upon the bar room floor.
Another drink, with chalk in hand, the vagabond began to sketch a face, that well might buy the soul of any man,
Then as he placed another lock upon the shafely head,
With a fearful shriek, he fell across the picture, dead.

* * * * * * * * *

Man's dreams, as well as reason, often change with new seasons.

Canada adopted Maple Leaf Flag in 1965.

Outward Bound
"A Poem at Forest Lawn, Glenndale, California"

"Entrance"

When my free spirit has escaped its thrall,
Any my still body answers your call,
Withhold your tears, by only glad with me,
That there is peace and sween tranquility.
And thus rejoicing, some convenient day,
Take me to waving fields, where wind harps play.
Among the grass a gentle lullaby,
And wild flowers smile back at the smiling skies.
Then go your way unsorrowing leave me where
Great tears lift worshipful, mute arms in prayer,
And rugged hills uprise their crests afar,
In age old greeting to the first dim star.
So I regain my playmates I loved so long,
Out in the fields of God's the linnets song.
The poppies singing Lo, there is no death,
Nothing has happened, good only can befall,
Those who have answered, their pilots call,
A ship outbound from arbor, that is all.

"Just Sing Anything"

Verse 1

I have a song called anything,
If you will lend your ear,
And I will try to sing it,
To cheer your heart to cheer.
About a man, a dog, a cat,
A hairpin and a lady,
A seal skin sock, a bucksin glove,
A ball bat, and a baby.

Chorus

Sing anything, sing anything,
That's what they always say.
A long sone, a short song,
Just to pass the time away.
A comic song, a love song,
Oh pray do sing, anything,
Something old, sing something new,
Oh yes, just sing anything.

Verse 2

There was a man in Indian
Just one handred years ago,
A boy in South Carolina,
Had a rooster that could crow.
A girl in Minnesota,
Had icicles on her nose,
They tell me, Sally Barnhart,
Has bunions on her toes.

Verse 3

A hop toad in the garden,
A teasing bumble bee
A cowboy on the wood pile
With a tooth pick stomping fleas,
A hornet on a grind stone,
Sharpening up his sting,
While I am breaking off my jaws
Singing anything.

Verse 4

Jonah was a fisherman; was swollowed by by a whale,
Can killed his brother Abel, they put him in jail.
Adam was a fisherman, Eve was one too,
They sold lager beer on Sunday, and paddled their own canoe

Verse

Chew your own tobacco, never borrow, lend or steal.
Eat mush and milk made fron indian meal.
Treat the ladies kindly, never kiss them on the sly,
Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

"Your As Welcome as the Flowers In May"

Last night I had a sweet, sweet dream,
I dreamed I say my home sweet home.
And oh how grand it all did seem.
I made a vow no more I'd rome.
By the dear old village church I strolled.
As the bell in the steeple saddly tolled,
I saw my daddy old and gray,
I heard my dear old mother say:

Chorus

Your as welcome as the flowers in May,
And we love you in the same old way.
We've been watching for you day by day,
Your as Welcome as the flowers in May.

I dreamed I saw my sweetheart Bess,
And once again we pledged our love.
I listened to her low sweet yes,
The moon was shining from above.
Then we spoke of happy days of your
The day I left my home heartsore,
My thoughts are many miles away,
I longed to hear my sweetheart say.

"Pearl Bryan"

Down in a lonely valley,
Where the fairest flowers bloom,
There's where poor Pearl Bryan
Lies moldering in her tomb.

She died not broken hearted,
Nor of diseased she fell,
One moments parting took her,
From the one she loved so well.

One night the moon was shining,
The stars were shining too.
Down to Pearl Bryan's dwelling,
Jackson and walling flew.

They said, come Pearl, let's wander,
All through these wood so gay,
While roming we will ponder,
Upon our wedding day.

The road was dark and dreary,
Poor Pearl was afraid to stray.
She says, Oh I'm so lonely,
Let us retrace our way.

Retrace our way, no never,
For in these woods your doom,
So bid fairwell forever,
To parents, friends, and home.

Down, down she knelt before them,
And humbly begged for life,
But on her snow white bosom,
They plunged that fateful knife.

Oh Jackson, I'll never forgive you,
May this be my dying breath,
You know I never deceived you,
Then she closed her eyes in death.

With the banner floating ore her,
They heard a trumpet sound.
A stranger came and found her,
Cold head, legs on the ground.

"Somewhere Somebody's Waiting For You"

In a cool shady nook, by the side of a brook
Two fair maidens were fishing alone,
They talked as they fished, the younger girl wished,
For a sweetheart she never had knew.
Then the other girl said, with a toss of her head,
Cheer up main, there's no cause to be blue.
You're love you've not met, will come to you yet.
For there's somebody waiting for you.

Chorus

Somewhere somebody waiting for you, you, you,
Somewhere somebody longing, whose heart is true,
Some time you'll love somebody sho loves you true,
Somewhere somebody waiting for you, you, you.

Then a youth passing by heard the sister reply,
He joined their chat half in fun,
And he said it is true, somebody waiting for you.
And I wished you thought I was the one,
She paused for a while, then she said with a smile,
Perhaps, maybe its true, but if you are wrong,
Why you won't worry long,
For there's somebody waiting for you.

"A Man was the Cause of it All"

At the old concert hall at the bowery,
Around a table was seated one night,
A crowd of young fellows crousing,
To them life seemed happy and bright.
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen in shame,
They laughed and they sneered at her weakness
Til they heard an old woman explain.

Chorus

She's more to be pitied than centured
She's more to be loved than dispised.
She's only a lassy who ventured
On the dark stormy pathway of life.
Don't scorn her with words, harsh and bitter,
Don't laugh at her shame and downfall.
But stop for a moment and consider
That a man was the cause of it all.

At the old village church around the corner,
A crowd had assembled one day.
The parson was preaching a serman,
For a soul who had just passed away,
T'was the same wayward girl from the bowery,
A life of adventure she'd led.
Would a clergyman laugh at her downfall,
No, he asked for God's mercy and said.

Remember me early
Remember me late
Remember me
Your old school mate.

When the golden sun is setting
And your heart from care is free
When over a thousand things your thinking
Will you some times think of me.

These few lines to you are tendered
By a friend sincere and true
Hoping just to be remembered
When I am far away from you.

"Good Old Summer Time"

There's a time in each year
That we always hold dear
In the good old summer time.
When the birds and the bees
And sweet scented trees
In the good old summer time
When your day's work is over
And you are in clover
And life is one beautiful rhyme
When there's no trouble annoying
Each one is enjoying
The good old summer time.

Chorus

In the good old summer time
Strolling through the sady lanes
With your baby mine,
And she holds your hand and you hold her's
And that's a very good sign
That she'll be your tootsie wootsie,
In the good old summer time.

To swim in the pool
You'd play hooky from school
In the good old summer time
You're playing ring around the rosey
With Jim, Kate and Josie
In the good old summer time.

Those days full of pleasure
We now fondly treasure
And you would not think it a crime
To go stealing cherries
Face brown as berries
In the good old summer time.

Typed from F. R. Charles' old school book of 1908.
By M. C. Charles, May 10, 1973.

"Yellow Rose of Texas"

Tis the yellow rose of Texas
That I am going to see.
No other darkey knows her,
No narky, only me.
She cried when I left her,
It almost broke her heart,
And if I ever find her,
We'll never more shall part.

Chorus

She's the fairest rose in color,
This darkey ever knew,
Her eyes are like the diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew.
Talk about your dearest maids,
And sing of Rosy Lee,
But the yellow rose of Texas
Beats the bells of Tennessee.

The rio Grand is flowing,
The stary night is glowing,
She walks by the river,
In the moonlight summer night.
She thinks if I remember,
When we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again,
And not to leave her so.

Chorus

I'm going now to find her,
For my heart is full of woe.
We'll sing the songs together,
We sung so long ago.
We'll pick the banjo gaily,
And sing the songs of you're,
And the yellow rose of Texas,
Shall be mine forever more.

Originally written by John F. Mc Co-naughley for
F. R. Charles, Teacher in 1907.
Typed by M. C. Charles, April 23, 1973.

"Our Old Country Church"

Away from town with its noisy streets,
Out where the air is pure and sweet,
On a hill near a crossing where two roads meet,
Stands our old country church.

Away from the rush, the jam and the show,
Back where the fragrant wid flowers grow,
And song birds nest, in branches low,
Stands our old country church.

On Sabbath day God's children sing,
The praises of Him, who peace did bring,
With favorite hymns, the room did ring,
In our old country church.

The sermons were plain, the spirit was there,
As the people filled each pew and chair,
All over the room was a place of prayer,
In our old country church.

After the last admonition was given,
And our old saints are gathered in Heaven,
We'll meet with those whose sins were forgiven,
Back in our old country church.

Composed by Tish Rhoads, 1932.
Sinking Springs, Ohio.

Typed by M. C. Charles, April 23, 1973.

History of the Old Orr Homestead

"Autobiography of the old Orr Homestead and their deceased," written by M. C. Charles on February 14, 1975, to the best of my knowledge.

John Orr, born April 6, 1795, in South Carolina. He married Jeanette McMillian on October 19, 1827. John Orr served in the War of 1812. In 1831 he moved to Xenia, Ohio and lived there two years. In 1833 he moved to Cedarville, Ohio.

He built the first house in Cedarville out of lumber. Up to that time, all of the village was log structures. Later on he bricked it. The brick burnt on the 300 acre farm, which had been reported, bought for $75 per acre.

John Orr donated the ground where the college and high school now stand and the ground for the Presbyterian parsonage to be built, where chaplins now live. He was a farmer-merchant, made brick and burnt lime, and had the first post office and general store, serving the settlers here about.

Nine children were born to John and Jeanette Orr. James Renwrick, the youngest, joined his father in early life in the business they bought, the Iliff Manufacturing Lime Co., in the year of 1845.

Wesley Iliff commenced burning lime in the same year in the village of New Port, at that time, and later named Cedarville (in 1816). The village was layed out by two brothers by the name of Newport, thereby calling the village after them.

Mr. Iliff only shipped 50 car loads per year. After John and James bought the business they shipped 145 car loads per year.

They built the large store building on the corner of Main and Chillicothe Streets called Wagon Wheel (in later years). It was sold by the last one of the Orrs and the last property owned by them in 1969. It was sold to a Mr. Long who is wrecking it to build a new drive-in eating place which was finished in 1971. It is now owned by Joe Shevell and called Little Joe's Place.

The Townsley brothers, Thomas and James, are pretty definitely set forth as the first two white men who established "pitches" in the unbroken wilderness in the Cedarville Twp. area. The site of this original clearing was not far above the Orr Homestead, and near the farm lands of the late Jesse Townsley and the neighboring old "Sheep Jim" McMillan place. The Townsley brothers came up from Kentucky around 1799 or 1800. James is buried in Stevenson's Grave Yard, while the grave of Thomas, strangely enough, I discovered in Clifton cemetery while I resided there.

I would rather think the Orrs came to Cedarville in the virtual exodus of Covenanters from the Lexington area of Kentucky. They were strong abolitionists and sold their Blue Grass plantation lands to escape the harassment of slave-holder neighbors. This migration to the new Ohio country directly after the territory got its charter in 1803-1804 and in which was included the first unmitigated stipulation that it was to be then and forever a "free" state. You will find this whole story in my Xenia Gazette serial "The Massies Creek Covenanters." These Kentucky immigrants were joined around 1833 by Rev. Hugh McMillan and his Chester Dist. S. C. following. Rev. Hugh McMillan succeeded his older brother, Gavin McMillan, as paster of the Covenanter Church on site of Massies Creek Cemetery. Rev. Gavin removed to Xenia where he headed another Covenanter Church following many of which formerly attended the Massies Creek meeting house but found the distance of travel, especially in inclement weather, too much of a trial. Dr. Hugh McMillan remained to become an esteemed cleric and educator in both Cedarville and Xenia. I am sure I recall the small stone or brick building on the property adjacent to the present Orr place and which was an early day High McMillan Academy, forerunner of Cedarville College. Subsequently, High McMillan headed an academy in Xenia. The late Hon. Whitelaw Reid was one of this pupils, and so thoroughly tutored that he was accepted later as a sophomore in Miami University.

In my younger day, Orr's Hilltop Grocery Store, with a picturesque "Town Pump" in front, was already a historical fixture. I am not sure, but I believe the Orrs sold it to Charley Gillaugh and who in turn conducted it for many years. McFarland brothers then held forth for some time, and then Haze Little.

I will take a good guess and estimate that the Orr Homestead dates to 1833 to the 1850's. There is the chance, and as is the case of so many historical home sites that a crude log cabin pre-dated the more sumptuous dwelling. The early Orrs were among those representing Cedarville's once flourishing lime burning industry, along with the Iliffs, the Kildows, Shroades, Fosters, Ervin brothers, and Coopers. Orr's Pond is formed in the Orr quarry pit. I'd rather think the Orr's might have come to Cedarville with the McMillan group.

I well remember an Alvin Orr, also a Josephine Orr who taught school for a term or two in the old Grove School.

Dills did not actually get the historical material together for which he is credited. The party responsible was a Xenia school professor. Dills spent his time including "patrons", those people he promised to play up in the biographical sections, if they came through with ample cash to help promote the history project. This was a common practice in that area.

In 1880 the amount of lime shipped out of Cedarville was 60,000 tons.

John Orr helped get the first railroad through Greene County and helped get the Opra House build in 1878. History shows it only cost $1600.

During Mr. Orr's life time he served as Constable Twp. Cleark. He had the first vendor for sugar and salt. The first grist mill was operated by Mr. Orr and Peter Mondy, and the first steam saw mill was operated by John Orr, Sam Townsley, and Alford Booth, sawing about 1,000 ft. lumber in a day, in 1841; selling the mill to Mr. Mitchell in 1868.

In 1882 John Orr passed away at the age of 87 years. His son and partner, James Orr, continued the farming and business, afore mentioned.

James Orr had the first Jersey cattle in Ohio. He had two heifers and one bull shipped here from Pennsylvania. He bred and sold them at a fancy price, (in other pages, Historian Fred Mardhsall recalls, when a boy, seeing him as a tall man with a full beard) and would don his skates and join the young people on the flax pond, skating.

James Orr and his wife, Josephine (Little) Orr, had six children. Mother, Josephine, died in 1924. Father, James, died in 1927 at the age of 80. The youngest son, Alvin Orr of South Carolina, settled the estate, selling the old Homestead to Melvin C. and Thelma L. Charles on June 8, 1948.

We used the Old Homestead as the "Charles Tourist Home" until Thelma L. passed away in 1962. I continued the Home (as has been explained on another page) until 1969 when I sold it to Sandie and Steve Myers on a land contract. They gave me an apartment upstairs for my lifetime for the down payment. It has been a wonderful set-up for all parties. This gave them a chance to own their own home, and also a home for me. (And that's the way it is.)

Blessings at 77

I had a birthday (age 77) just recently,
And this is what I want to say,
Thanks to all for remembering me,
For figts and good wishes sent my way.
But most of all I want to thank
My Heavenly Father for giving me,
So many blessings all these years,
And all the beautiful things in this world to see,
The majestic mountains and rivers that flow,
The lovely colors in the sunset's glow.
Flowers that bloom and birds that sing,
The gree of the grass in early spring, .
The trees in autumn are a sight to behold,
As they scatter their leaves of crimson and gold.
I thank God for these things and many more,
He gives to me from His treasure-store.
May God fill my heart full of love and praise,
That I will worship Him only to the end of my days.

M. C. Charles

The
Bible con-
tains 3,566,480
letters, 810,697
words, 31,175
verses, 1,189 chap-
ters and 66 books. The
longest chapter is the
119th Psalm; the shortest
and middle chapter the
117th Psalm. The middle
verse is the 8th of the 118th
Psalm. The longest name is in
the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The
word "and" occurs 46,627 times; the
word "Lord" 1,855 times. The 37th
chapter of Isaiah and the 18th chapter
of the Second Book of Kings are alike.
The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th
chapter of Esther, the shortest verse
is the 35th of the 11th chapter of
John. In the 1st verse of the 7th
chapter of Ezra is the alphabet.
The finest piece of reading is
the 26th chapter of Acts.
The name of God is not
mentioned in
the
Book
of Esther. It
contains knowledge,
wisdom, holiness and love.

THE BIBLE TREE

In reply to your request for a donation to the United Appeal, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank balance makes it almost impossible. My shattered condition is due to Federal Laws, County Laws, City Laws, Corporation Laws, Liquor Laws, Mother-in-Laws, Brother-in-Laws, Sister-in-Laws, and Out-Laws.

With these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, income tax, sales tax, city tax, food tax, gasoline tax, and excise tax. I am required to get a business license, car license, driver's license, fishing license, hunting license, dog license, and marriage license.

I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; women's relief, the unemployed relief, and the aged relief. The heart fund, march of dimes, cancer fund, TB fund, and flower fund. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the city, state and county, including the Salvation Army, Community Chest, Red Cross, Boys and Girls Scouts, YMCA, YWCA, and Boy's Town.

For my own safety I am required to carry health insurance, life insurance, fire insurance, property insurance, business insurance, unemployment insurance, tornado and earthquake insurance and old age insurance.

My business is so governed that it is no easy matter to find out who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, expected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded, and compelled until I provide and inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desired or hope of the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am almost ruined.

I can tell you honestly that except for a miracle that happened, I could not contribute to the United Appeal this year. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. When I well tham I will mail you my check for their proceeds.

Experience with Walt Cumming

Walt insisted that I go over to do some painting in his apartments in Dayton. If I would go, he would take me over and help me in any way he could. I took my lunch with me and my coffee bottle. Did I ever give him a work out. He continued to eat my lunch all morning. Every time he would eat something, he would say, "you can't beat that." By noon I had no lunch. Well, he said, "do you have any money?" I told him I had some. Well, we will go down to the Top Hat Restaurant. He ordered steak and the works. I did the same. When I started to take care of the bill, he stepped up with a $20 bill and paid it. He got a kick out of that.

The next day he claimed painting was the laziest job, so he had himself a new sash brush. We started on windows. When I finished my second window, he was still on his first one. He said, "here, finish my window, I can't paint." He never forgot how hard I worked him.

One evening coming home, he failed to sop at a stop light. We were stopped by the patrol and got a $5.00 ticket. He was that tired.

A Trip to the World Conference

In 1947, the Hootens and us went to our World's Conference at Independence, Missouri. We went about seven times together every two years. They drove their car every other time. In 1941, I took our car, a 1941 Buick. About 40 miles of Springfield, Illinois, the car started knocking. We happened to be close to a country garage. They looked it over and a couple of rods had gone bad. They had to pull the motor and have a man from Springfield come and grind the crackshaft. Mrs. Hooten's mother also lived in Springfield, Illinois. The garage people took us into a little town, where the old traction line went through, so we took it into her mother's. It was the last time I was ever on a traction car. They had the car done the next morning and the bill was only $47.00. We started on Saturday night, driving all night through an enormous rain, through water from the rivers over the roads. We arrived at the auditorium about daylight. What a trip!

The Care of Auto Back When

Remember when many folks that had a car didn't use them through the winter? You young people will probably laugh at the thought, but it's true. When winter came, people drained the water from the radiator, took the batteries out of those cars that had them and jacked up their car and put it on blocks where the tires didn't touch the ground. There it remained until about the last of March.

It's funny though, of many other ways that people took care of their cars. If people did have to use their car after winter came, they would often drain the radiator when they went to town or to visit their friends, then have to fill it again before they went home. Often the radiators were covered with hugh robes or blankets to keep them from freezing. Cardboards were placed in front of the radiator to help the water to warm up quicker.

Kerosene was often added to the water to keep it from freezing for antifreeze was practically unknown. Many of the cars had to be cracked and did you ever try to crank a car in cold weather? Many times you would have to jack up a back wheel so the engine would turn over easier. Don't forget to put the spark plug lever up or it might kick and break your arm.

How many people would pour boiling water over the manifold to make it fire easier or even dip a corn cob in Kerosene, light it and hold it under the manifold. (Those were the good old days.) And remember, no heaters in the cars and many of them were touring cars with only curtains to keep out the bitter cold.

A lot of cars had no windshield wipers and many times one had to drive with your head sticking out the side of the car to see where you were going. Now you can see why many cards were left in the barn during the winter months.

The old manifold heaters were about the first kind, then came the hot water and the gas burning heaters. Wouldn't the young kids of today really be surprised to see the way we had to do things then?

Prices Taken From Diary
1922 - 1923

Sold Veal Calf	$ 10.00
Bought Shot Gun	10.00
Paid Dave Setty store bill	10.50
Bought 1 New Tire From R. C. Seaman	9.00
Sold Can Lard (43¢ per lb. - 14 lbs.)	6.05
Received from Twp. Trustees for work on foot bridge	5.25
Sold Young Fryers (115 lbs. @ 17¢ per lb.)	20.06
Bought New Overcoat from Kirshner	23.00
Bought Another Tire from Seaman (30 x 3 1/2)	11.90
Sold John Easter White Face Heifer	42.50
Bought Jersey Cow from Curt Blear	35.50
Helped Denver Wallace strip tobacco (10 hrs)	6.00
Helped E. Frump bale hay at Hughes Barn ($2 per day)	6.00
Bought Jersey Heifer for Dad	15.00
Paid Eldridge for 15 Bu. of Seed Oats	11.75
Sold John Easter 6 fat hogs (5¢ per lb.)	61.00
Paid C. E. Suffrous for new 1923 Ford touring car (half interest)	156.22
Paid Lyle for cutting wood with cutloff	5.00
Received from C. O. Baldwin for 4 days with team on pike ($5 per day)	20.00
Paid off A. G. Setty Note	40.00
Paid Thrashing bill to Jim Woods	6.84

1924

Bought Wade new bed	10.00
Bought me new suit from L. Kirshner	35.50
Sold to R. C. Neil 42 bu. wheat ($1 per lb.)	42.00
Bought half interest in 14 ewes from O. Reynolds	63.75
Received for shipping tobacco (5 days)	5.00
Received from Frank Thomas for 9 days	9.00
Sold to City Meat Market 4 hogs (740 lbs. at 7 1/4 per lb.)	53.65
Bought from R. C. Neil set of work harness	47.50
Sold Harv Shoemaker tobacco bed	6.00

1925

Sold James Harner wool (35¢ per lb.)	11.20
Bought 2 vacuum cup tires from D. Setty	7.75
Paid C. F. Thompson for 5 days work	5.00
My personal taxes	6.63
Paid Dr. McKnulty for Dr. bill	6.00
Spent on trip to Springfield, Dayton, Franklin and Middletown	15.00
Sold lambs to A. E. Easter (8.60 per lb.)	23.86
Sold 8 hens to J. L. Macelee	9.50
Paid to Dr. McKnulty for baby (Wendell)	10.00
Frank Freeze for cutting corn	17.62
Received from Burt Hill for painting house (5 days)	5.00

Just thought the prices back then would be interesting.

North Carolina With the Myer's

It was a very interesting and enjoyable trip with the Myer's, Michael, Lisa, Sandie, and Steve. We went to Sandie's parent's, the Baker's, to the wedding of Sandie's sister, Lottie. We left home at 12:00 on Thursday, September 25, 1975. We arrived about 1:30 driving 750 miles through a very hard rain storm in the mountains.

Sandra's mother and father's name is Trythenea, and her father's name Locke C. Baker. Their post office address is "Tyner", 17 miles north of Edenton and 35 miles south of Elizabeth City. Mr. Baker is a trucker and has two seni-trucks and hauls vegetables to markets and canneries. Mr. Baker took me to a daughter's home who lived on a large vegetable plantation. Her name is Sherry and her husband's name is Tommy. His brother and father operate the vegetable farm with 80 different kinds of vegetables. One 18 acre plot of yellow pumpkins was ready for the cannery and acres of strawberries. They employeed 25 to 30 black laborers. Most of the time, when picking snap beans, there are as many as 250 people working in the fields. The adjoining plantation was the famous baseball player's, Catfish Hunter. All of his buildng and machinery were in good shape, with a baseball ensigna on everything. He and Tommy graduated from high school together.

In this North Carolina country are a large number of all kinds of birds, blue jays, red birds, blue birds, and beautiful woodpeckers, and birds I have never seen. One of Sandra's sisters, Marilyn, lives in Suffolk, Virginia. Her husband, Robert, works in the ship yards in Newport News, Virginia. Sandra's sister, Lottie, was married about 20 miles west of a town called Ahoskie, where you can park on either side of the street facing anyway without any citation.

After the rehersal, the night before the wedding, the groom's parents gave a banquet out at a large eating place and dance prevalion where they catered to parties. It was built out on the waters with flood lights all around a very beautiful place. The menu was stuffed chiken breasts, baked potatoes, and much more delicious foods. Plenty of drinks if desired.

I limbered up my legs and did some waltzing with each one of Sandra's sisters, which I enjoyed very much.

The wedding was the following day on September 27, 1975 at 2:30. It was performed very beautifully with a large crowd of relatives and friends. A reception followed with a large wedding cake and puch bowls. One bowl with and one without.

The gang decorated their get away car with shaving cream, flowers, bottles, and tin cans. We then went back to Mr. Baker's for our last night. We got up early preferring to start home early by the mountain route. We left at 9:00 -- 100 miles to Petersburg, Virginia. We took Route 460 to Blackstone, Farmersville, Lynchburg, Bedford, and Roanoke, Virginia. We gased up and hit the West Virginia turnpike at 4:00, Sough Charleston at 6:30, and Pt. Pleasant, cross river to Route 35 at 6:45. We stopped at Bob Evans Farm Restaurant and enjoyed a good and delicious supper on yours truly, but Steve stuck a $5 bill in my hand. We arrived home at 9:00. It was the most enjoyable time I ever had, as I had no responsibility. The kids and I left it all to Sandra and Steve. I shall never forget their hospitality.

Memory of Dave Welsh

In 1935, August, September and November, a single man, as far as I know, by the name of Dave Welsh, helped us in our tobacco stripping. We had an old cook stove in our stripping house, with dirt floors. Dave cooked and slept in there on an old cot. My boys were small at that time. Through the years, they often talk of him living in that condition. He halped the boys put some soybean hay while their mother was in the hospital at Mt. Carmel in Columbus. They were using a hay fork to pull the hay up in the mow. Dave was mowing it away and stepped over the rope just as the horse started to tighten the rope. It took him up against the track and we had a time getting out of that situation.

When the boys and I went up to see their mother at the hospital, they told her the story and she laughed so hard she had to hold her incision. (We never forget that.)

Memory of James O. Kilpatrick

(In the early 1900 Century)

A farm hand who drifted into my Uncle Tom Gall's at Elemville. He wanted to work through the winter for his board and room. We took him in for the winter to cut wood and help feed. He was a very small man, about 50 years old, but a good worker. In the summer, he worked for J. L. Ryan on a larger farm for wages. He turned out to be a drunkard. He usually drank when he was working in the summer time, at Ryan's home when he was paid wages.

My mother never allowed drinking. If he wanted to drink in the winter, he would go back to the Ryan's farm. No one ever knew where he came from. He stayed around for about three years. Well, the punch line of this story is he died at Ryan's farm with drunken treamors. His clothes were at our house. I was about nine or ten years old, just about the size of him, as I was large for my age. I was elected to wear those clothes of his. I remember the hot, short double breasted, light top coat, with velvet collar. Also,

Sunday shoes with spots, heavy work shoes, with long whip cord pants (when I should have been in knee pants) and wide everyday suspenders. I really wore those clthes out. The family called me, Killy, as that was his nickname. (This expeience I will never forget.)

O. A. Tener

Back in the 30's, O. A. Tener was the only undertaker in the Sinking Springs territory. Most all of his funerals he had he would recommend Thelma and I to sing at the funeral. One summer we sang at 32 funerals within 100 miles. When they paid for their funerals, they usually paid him with live stock. He owned a farm close to town with a pasture. About once a year, he would have an auction sale. He also loaned money to people in a pinch, at 3 percent. He always donated to everything going on.

I remember the first car Wade had was a used Ford sedan. I bought it at a used car dealer in Hillsboro for $100. I borrowed the money from O. A. Tener and let Wade pay him back.

Bits and Pieces

A wife eats to loose weight, two pads of garlic in the evening, and half a pound of limburger cheese before retiring. She looks thinner at a distance.

It has been said, that I don't perform miracles, I just work for a man that does.

I allow no man to ruin my soul by causing me to hail him.

September 30, 1926, Thelma and I went to Peebles to purchase her driver's license at $1.25.

Franklin D. Rossevelt won his second term as U.S. President with the largest majority in 116 years over Alf Landon.

Charles Clan Birthdays

Oregon Charles - March 27, 1870
Mary Elizabeth Setty - May 25, 1871

Forest R. - June 18, 1893
Colon O. - December 8, 1894
Melvin C. - October 2, 1898
Fern A. - July 18, 1900
Sylvia S. - April 21, 1903
Zelma L. - May 19, 1907

Forest R.
Wife: Mary J. West - May 28, 1906
Child: Charles Dane - July 29, 1930

Colon O.
Wife: Alta May Smith - April 1897
Children: Rhea M. - June 3, 1915
Kenneth L. - April 6, 1917
Marlyn D. - October 12, 1918
Juanita C. - October 21, 1920
Charles J. - August 21, 1922

Melvin C.
Wife: Thelma Childers - April 3, 1902
Children: Harold B. (died at birth on Nov. 26, 1920)
B. Wade - January 30, 1922
Wendell L. - May 8, 1925
Norman M. - February 25, 1927
Roger E. - July 31, 1930

Fern A. (Charles) Garman
Husband: Hugh F. Garman - December 16, 1895
Children: Russell W. - February 27, 1923
Wanda M. - July 19, 1925
Naomi L. - April 10, 1927
Wilma I. - May 13, 1933

Sylvia S. (Charles) Frye
Husband: Lyle M. Frye - September 2, 1902
Child: Garnet - December 8, 1923

Zelma L. (Charles) Brooks
Husband: Roy H. Brooks - September 9, 1904
Children: Cleta F. - September 28, 1925
Ramona J. - November 9, 1928
Shirley C. - September 17, 1930

Grand Children

Rhea M. (Charles) Shields - June 3, 1915 - Vincent
Kenneth L. Charels - April 6, 1917 - Majorie
Marlyn D. Charles - October 12, 1918 - Josephine
Juanita (Charles) Barton - October 21, 1920 - Sumner
Wade B. Charles - January 30, 1922 - Sylvia
James L. Charles - August 21, 1922 - Doris
Russell W. Garman - February 27, 1923 - Barbara
Garnett (Frye) Holl - December 8, 1923 - Bill
Wendell L. Charles - May 8, 1925 - Joyce
Wanda (Garman) Hook - July 19, 1925 - David
Cleta (Brooks) Hinckley - September 29, 1925 - Wes
Norman M. Charles - February 25, 1927 - Mary
Naomi (Garman) Stephens - April 10, 1927 - Ed
Ramona J. (Brooks) Yosick - November 9, 1928 - Bob
Dane Charles - July 29, 1920 - Judith
Roger E. Charles - July 31, 1930 - Marilyn
Shirley C. Brooks - September 17, 1930
Wilma I. (Garman) Hudson - May 13, 1933

Great Grand Children

Vincent Shields Jr. - August 12, 1935
Michael Shields - January 27, 1938
Linda Barton - July 11, 1940
Nancy Charles - February 7, 1942
Barry Blackmore - July 31, 1946
Karen Charles - August 29, 1946
Sherrie Charles - July 31, 1947
Cathy Lee Hook - August 20, 1947
Terry Hinckley - June 28, 1948
Veda Charles - August 24, 1948
David C. Blackmore - October 2, 1948
Barbara Charles - November 16, 1949
Lana Charles - December 21, 1949
Gary Stephens - May 15, 1950
Sidney Lee Charles - July 4, 1950

Great Grand Children (Cont'd)

Michael C. Yosick - October 29, 1950
Linda Lee Charles - December 9, 1950
Marsha J. Charles - August 20, 1951
Greg Stephens - October 29, 1951
Brenda Charles - February 16, 1952
Chris Hinckley - March 1, 1952
Donald A. Charles - June 26, 1952
David L. Hook - August 12, 1952
Rhonda I. Hudson - October 21, 1952
Judy L. Charles - December 14, 1952
Mark S. Yosick - May 1954
Jana L. Holl - April 21, 1954
Cheryl L. Stephens - September 16, 1955
Douglas L. Brooks - December 25, 1954
Jeffrey L. Yosick - May 6, 1956
Susan K. Holl - September 15, 1956
Kim Rene Hudson - October 23, 1956
Denise L. Brooks - July 18, 1956
Lisa A. Yosick - May 8, 1957
Hugh R. Hudson - January 8, 1959
Toni R. Hinckley - June 6, 1959
Wendy Jo Charles - October 14, 1960
Chris Charles - November 17, 1960
Gary Charles - January 25, 1963

Acknowledgement

I want to express my appreciation to my grandaughter, Sherrie Davidson, and her friend, Linda Lancen, who arranged and typed the scripts of my memories for this book. I know they spent many hours working on them.

My desire is to reimburse them when this book is published.

Pop Charles

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